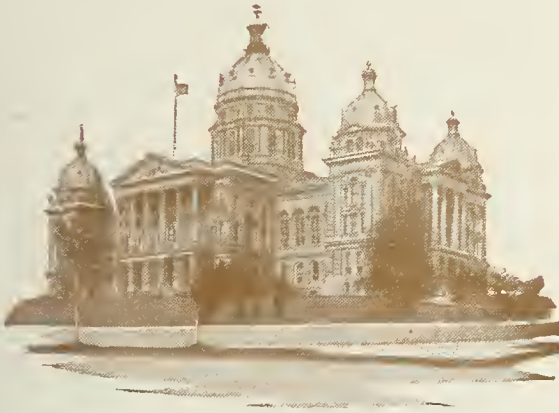




*Iowa Arbor
and
Bird Day
April
25 ~ 1913*

Iowa Arbor and Bird Day Book



April Twenty-Fifth
Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen



ISSUED BY
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION
1913



THE OLD ELM TREE.

Woodman, Spare that Tree

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And would'st thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings 'round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall hurt it not.

—George Perkins Morris.

State of Iowa,
Executive Department.

A Proclamation

BY THE GOVERNOR:

John Ruskin said: "While I live, I trust I shall have my trees, my peaceful idyllic landscapes, my free country life—and while I possess so much, I shall own 100,000 shares in the Bank of Contentment." How we love the trees that sheltered our childhood. Some of the finest, sweetest memories of life are there. The tree that we planted with our own hands many years ago, now strong against winter storms and beautiful in summer sunshine, what a sense of proprietorship and inexpressible comfort we have in it.

"Oh, have you seen on a wayside slope
The elms and maples, with branches high,
That some one planted, in faith and hope
Far back in the silent years gone by?"

"Oh, not in vain there were left in trust
To a later age the trees he set;
When he who planted is turned to dust,
The good that he wrought survives him yet."

Then plant a tree. Let the children plant trees. Let a day be designated when all Iowa shall plant trees on the public school grounds.

Thirty years ago the legislature enacted, "The board shall cause to be set out and properly protected twelve or more shade trees on each school-house site where such trees are not growing." If this statute has sometimes been forgotten it is well to revive the memory of it. How fine it would be if the public generally, es-

pecially in the smaller towns and cities, under competent direction, would, with the schools, devote a day to the question of beautifying public parks and grounds.

Therefore, in accordance with an established custom I do hereby designate

FRIDAY, APRIL 25th, AS ARBOR DAY

and recommend that it be observed by our schools and cities and towns in such way as may be deemed appropriate and fitting to the purposes of the day.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto
set my hand and caused to be affixed the Great
(SEAL) Seal of the State of Iowa this 4th day of February,
A. D. 1913.

G. W. CLARKE,
Governor.

Attest:

W. S. ALLEN,
Secretary of State.

State of Iowa,
Department of Public Instruction,
Des Moines.

Dear Boys and Girls of Iowa:

The Governor of our state has designated Friday, April 25, as Arbor and Bird Day. His proclamation should be included in your program of special exercises. We trust you will like the Arbor and Bird Day booklet issued by the Department of Public Instruction this year. Several of our Iowa friends have contributed interesting articles for this manual. Others have furnished photographs appropriate for the illustrations.

How drear and neglected many of our school premises appear, without a tree to offer shade in summer or shelter from winter's wind, not even a shrub or flower to beautify the yards! Arbor and Bird Day should be observed in our schools, not only for the purpose of devoting a few hours to planting trees, shrubs, and flowers, but for the purpose of arousing a desire to know nature better. How blind we are to nature's efforts to make this world a pleasant place for us in which to live! We trample the grass and the flowers under our feet; we pass the trees without observing that one differs from another just as races of men and individuals differ. We do not hear the song of the birds, and so we miss much that might gladden life's pathway.

We should not overlook the economic value of the forests and the birds in supplying the needs of man. The conservation of the trees and the birds is of vital importance. Government regulation of the proper use of the forests without destroying them has been delayed too long. Nature has been lavish in making provision for the wants of our people, but man's extravagance and greed are changing our great forests into desolate places. For every tree that is cut down, another should be planted to take its place.

Let us plant this year an oak, an elm, a sugar maple, or an evergreen. A row of evergreens on the north and west makes a good protection as well as a good background. Groups of shrubs

artistically arranged so as not to encroach upon the playground produce a pretty effect, and so does an occasional elm or maple planted near a corner of the yard.

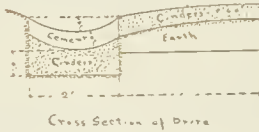
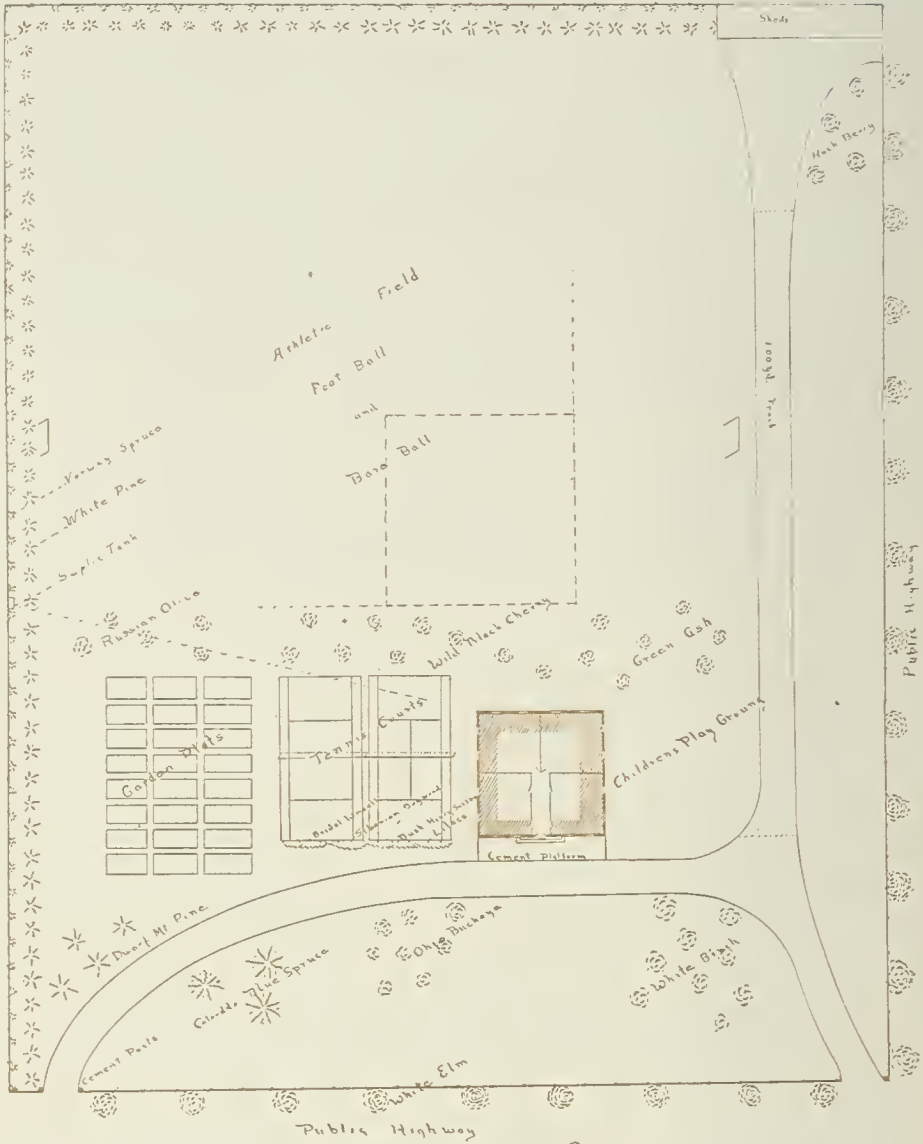
Trees invite the birds to establish their homes among us. A wise choice of companions and friends will do much to promote the happiness and purity of our lives. Trees represent constancy and loyalty, while cheer and good-will are proclaimed by the birds of song. May you, boys and girls, become fast friends with the trees and the birds, and thus bring them under your care and protection. In study and in play, let that which may be enduring and loyal mingle with cheer and good-will to all; and, by so doing, typify in your lives the lessons gained from Nature.

Sincerely yours,

A. M. DEYOE,

February 17, 1913.

Superintendent of Public Instruction.



Suggested Plan
For
Consolidated Rural School
5 Acre Tract Scale 1"=30'
Designed By *A. T. Irwin*

MODEL PLANS FOR CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL GROUNDS,
BY A. T. IRWIN, AMES, IA.

THE ORIGIN OF ARBOR DAY.

E. C. BISHOP, AMES.

Many of our greatest institutions and most valued customs have had very humble beginnings. World-wide influences have grown from the simple desire and effort to contribute to the needs of a local condition. This is the case in the establishment of Arbor Day, which has become the most loved of our national holidays.

Since our schools have given attention to its observance, it has been not only a day of planting trees for economic and cultural purposes, but it has become a day of disseminating knowledge concerning trees, flowers, vines and other plants in relation to their use in beautifying and protecting homes and public places, in shielding from the extremes of heat, cold and wind; in providing shelter and protection for song birds; and in making beautiful and enjoyable the great out-of-doors.

The observance of Arbor Day has led to the development in young people of keener powers of observation and of awakening in their minds an interest in the things of nature which becomes a life long source of comfort, pleasure and benefit.

The beginnings of a day of such general and wide-spread observation have interests for everyone who now enjoys the recurrence of the day each year.

Arbor Day originated in Nebraska in the pioneer days of that state when its boundless prairies were much in need of the protection and comforts which only trees can bring.

At a meeting of the Nebraska State Board of Agriculture held in the city of Lincoln, January 4, 1872, J. Sterling Morton, then a member of the board and later secretary of the United States Department of Agriculture, introduced the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted after debate by some members who thought the word "Sylvan" might be used instead of "Arbor."

"Resolved, That Wednesday, the 10th day of April, 1872, be, and the same is hereby, especially set apart and consecrated for tree planting in the state of Nebraska, and the State Board of Agriculture hereby names it Arbor Day; and to urge upon the people of the state the vital importance of tree planting, hereby offers a special premium of one hundred dollars to the agricultural society of that county in Nebraska which shall, upon that day, plant properly the largest number of trees; and a farm library of twenty-five dollars' worth of books to that person who, on that day, shall plant properly, in Nebraska, the greatest number of trees."

Over a million trees were planted in Nebraska on the first Arbor Day. Three years later the governor of that state, by proclamation, set apart the third Wednesday of April as Arbor Day and recommended that the people observe it by planting trees. Annually thereafter succeeding

governors did the same, until at the session of the state legislature in 1885 an act was passed designating the 22nd day of April, Mr. Morton's birthday, as the day for Arbor Day, and making it one of the legal holidays of the state.

So deeply were the people interested in Arbor Day that later a provision was made in the constitution providing "that the increased value of lands by reason of live fences, fruit and forest trees grown and cultivated thereon shall not be taken into account in the assessment thereof."

Further laws were enacted requiring trees to be planted along the streets of the cities and villages and providing punishment for any person who should injure or destroy such trees or who should permit animals to injure them. Another law provided for payment of certain sums of money from the county public funds to persons who planted certain numbers of trees on the borders of their lands. The tree planting work became such a habit that a joint resolution adopted by the legislature April 4, 1895, provided thereafter the state should be known and referred to as the "Tree Planters' State," which term is now the official and popular name of the state. At the same session the legislature as a further evidence of the interest and sentiment of the people officially declared the "Golden Rod" the floral emblem of the state.

The Arbor Day Memorial Association of Nebraska has erected a beautiful monument of bronze and granite at Arbor Lodge, Mr. Morton's home near Nebraska City, to perpetuate the memory of their honored citizen. The monument stands in an opening with a beautiful, substantial background of trees and vines which were planted and cared for by Mr. Morton while he occupied his home among the trees he loved. At the dedication of this monument, 1909, Ex-President Grover Cleveland was present and delivered an address. Mr. Morton was secretary of agriculture under Mr. Cleveland's administration.

The effect of the observance of Arbor Day can not be estimated in figures or statistics. Many thousands of acres of unattractive land have been converted into valued forests, groves, fruitful orchards and beautiful, prosperous homes of contented people.

The calling of the attention of the people to the value of trees has led to the observance of Arbor Day in every state in the Union and in nearly all civilized countries of the world. It has not only established the practice of planting trees but the equally good cause of preserving the trees which are already growing. Arbor Day has been regularly observed in Iowa since it was instituted in 1887. The schools of Iowa have taken a prominent part in the observance of Arbor Day and encouraging the planting of trees in public places where their restful shade, protection and beauty all contribute to the enjoyment of all the people of the community. The spirit of Arbor Day is patriotic. It aims to do the public good in some form. Its object is to make homes more attractive and comfortable. It helps us to a better appreciation of the beautiful and useful things in nature. It teaches us to do things in the present and look for the reward in after years which is to be shared by others. The history of the developing of the observance of Arbor Day in the states of our own country and other countries brings with

it the growth of educational ideas which tend to make education more attractive and living more enjoyable.

In the early days when the pioneers were settling our country from Maine to the Gulf and from the Atlantic coast westward they were obliged to clear space among the trees to make room for building their homes and cultivating their crops. Thus it became a general practice to clear away the trees. Trees were so plentiful that their value was not properly appreciated and it was not until the clearings had been made and the forests depleted that our people began to appreciate the value of the trees which had been so wantonly destroyed. When the people living in the wooded sections of the east and central states moved westward to the treeless plains beyond the Missouri river they soon felt the need of trees about the home and also appreciated the value of the tree as a protector and as a companion to the better impulses of the mind.

It is therefore not surprising that the observance of Arbor Day should originate in a state where nature had failed to plant them. It is not surprising to learn that in those states where trees had been plentiful but had been destroyed, that the people began to demand that trees again be planted and cared for and so it is that the groves which adorn the home site and the trees growing in public places where they have been planted and cared for because of the appreciation of their value are bringing back to use the many benefits which were here before the country was so densely settled, with the advantage of having our trees grow where most desired and of having the particular kind of trees best adapted to particular purposes which they serve.

Millions of trees are now planted on Arbor Day and at other favorable seasons in every state in our country and each child, man or woman who plants a tree or helps to plant a tree may well feel that he or she is taking a part in a great work which not only brings pleasure in the doing but which will leave a living monument which will contribute to the service and happiness of others who shall live afterward. The history of Arbor Day includes each year those whose hearts and hands lead them to performing a patriotic duty which has for its object the most noble of purposes. This is one history in the record of which every individual, the old and young, may have an equal part, and the record of each will continue and become a part of the history and life of those who in the future years will enjoy the results of the effort put forth to plant a tree with a purpose.

BIRD DAY.

BY MRS. LEWIS PRITCHARD, DES MOINES, IOWA.

While much is being said and done to stimulate the minds of both old and young to a greater appreciation of the flowers and trees, we must not forget to give equal attention to the other feature of our annual Nature Day. It is quite as necessary that the birds be preserved, known and

loved, as that our eyes and hearts be open to the beauty of the flowers.

The first Bird Day was celebrated in 1894 on the first Friday in May through the influence of Mr. Charles A. Babcock, but the day is generally observed in connection with Arbor Day. The two go hand in hand—we can scarcely think of Arbor Day without the glad note of a robin's song.

Much has been done during the last twenty-five years to foster and protect our native birds through the national and state organizations of the Audubon Societies. This organized effort for the protection of our feathered friends was brought about by the destruction of bird life throughout the country for commercial purposes. In 1886 Mr. Frank Chapman of New York found forty species of the most beautiful birds on women's hats. Milliners' agents were destroying the sea bird colonies for the wings, breasts, aigrettes, etc.; song birds were being caged and sold, and large numbers of non-game birds were sacrificed annually for food. Much of this needless destruction has been stopped by the efforts of this society, which strives first to educate and secondly to legislate. It realizes that ignorance is at the root of this evil, as it is in the case of most evils—that as soon as a boy has learned to know the birds and their habits, he will learn to love and protect them from harm.

The Audubon Society was organized in New York in 1886 and named from John James Audubon (1780-1851), who gave to the world "The Birds of America" in ten volumes, one of the greatest contributions to the study and record of our native birds. State organizations soon began to be formed and are now found in most of our states. Iowa's organization was begun in 1898 in Keokuk, and continues its work and headquarters at Waterloo. Much good is being done throughout our state by lectures and the use of lantern slides.

It is interesting to know that during the last few years more than fifty places have been set aside in the United States for the conservation of bird life. These places are located in all parts of the country, both inland and along the coasts. One of the most unique homes for the birds was established by the federal government on two islands in the Hawaiian group, thousands of miles from the beaten path of commerce. Here on Bird and Laysan islands several million sea birds are bred yearly, undisturbed by man save an occasional visitor to the islands for the purpose of scientific study of their life and habits. In addition to all that our federal government is doing toward the preservation of the birds, many individuals have given liberally to the work of the Audubon Society, and also to individual states. We cannot all contribute as Mrs. Russell Sage and Mr. Charles Willis Ward have done recently to the state of Louisiana, but the least of us can love and protect the birds about our schools and home. Like the flowers of the field, the birds of the air belong to each one of us—they are ours for the loving.



JOHNNY-JUMP-UP.

IOWA'S WILDFLOWERS.

BY FRANK C. PELLETT, ATLANTIC.

Photographs by the author.

On a railroad train entering one of the Pacific coast cities recently, a gentleman from New York was conversing with a lady who makes her home in the west. He had crossed the continent from New York to Washington, and was speaking of the attractions of the country through which he had passed. The beauties of various sections were mentioned, but, said he, "the most beautiful of all is Iowa."

We who are native to the state are inclined to overlook the fact that Iowa is one of the beauty spots of the earth. Because we lack the rugged mountains, we imagine that we have no scenery worth while, overlooking the fact that our midsummer landscapes, checkered with the greens of the waving cornfields, the yellow and gold of the wheat fields ready for harvest, and the subdued browns of the newly mown hay, furnish pictures with which widely traveled persons from other sections are fairly enchanted. We, who are the children of Iowa, have to get away from home for a time in order to appreciate her fertile soil, her abundant rainfall, her flowery Junes and her fruitful Octobers. Beauty and abundance are too commonplace here to be appreciated until we have wandered far afield.

Our state is very new as yet. The real business of settlement began but little more than half a century ago and we have been too busy in building homes and schools, and raising fat hogs and sleek cattle with

which to provide for pressing necessities, to give much attention to other things. Now, however, that Iowa has struck her gait and the rush and hurry of starting anew is over, we are beginning to give attention to the natural attractions with which we are surrounded.

Among the thousands of worth while things with which nature has provided us, none are more desirable than our wildflowers. Yet, unless we have a care, the children of the next generation will be denied the joy that has been ours in gathering bloodroots, trilliums, and Dutchman's breeches, as well as many others, because these are rapidly passing away. Our fathers were so busy that they did not notice the fact that the wild pigeon, once so extremely abundant, was rapidly diminishing in numbers, until they had disappeared from the face of the earth. The



WILD COLUMBINE.

bison came near meeting the same fate. Had it not been for thoughtful persons who kept a few in confinement and thus preserved them from destruction, the finest of American wild animals would have followed the pigeon to extinction. Our wildflowers are rapidly going now. Every available acre of land is being utilized, so that the only places left for the flowers to grow are odd corners in out-of-the-way places. Boys and girls, as well as grown people, who are attracted by their beauty overlook the fact that the only way that the plant can perpetuate itself is by the ripening of the flower into seed. Instead of being content with a modest bouquet, they pick all they find or can carry. The limited areas left for the flowers, together with the increasing demand for the blossoms, will soon result in their destruction unless we become interested in their

protection. A society is just now being organized which has for its purpose the saving of the wildflowers. The plan includes establishing a wild garden in every public park where a few, at least, will be permanently preserved. Private gardens of wildflowers are also encouraged, as well as the perfection of some plan of co-operation with the railroads to the end that the wildflowers now growing along the rights-of-way shall be permanently protected for the benefit of the traveling public. The membership is open to everybody, but especially to school children, and as the membership fee is only ten cents it is hoped that every school will become a local chapter. Mr. R. J. Cornell of Atlantic is secretary of the Iowa branch, and interested persons should write him for more definite information. Arbor and Bird Day has been established for the purpose



VIRGINIA WATERLEAF.

of increasing our knowledge and enlarging our appreciation of plants and birds, both of which are essential to our welfare and happiness. This new movement should command the interest and co-operation of every flower lover, for our wildflowers are well worth saving.

Among the earliest flowers to appear in spring are trillium, or wake-robin, hepatica, and bloodroot. Of these the trillium and hepatica have already disappeared from some localities, while the bloodroot has become rare in some places.

What mother is to home, these early flowers are to spring. Surely in every locality some shaded situation can be found in which a wild garden may be established and some of these wildlings perpetuated. The lady slipper, perhaps, persists still in some localities, though it has long

ago disappeared in others. Thousands of country boys and girls are now growing up in Iowa who never saw the flower.

Dutchman's breeches and addertongues are now our most common spring flowers, coming but little later than bloodroot. The addertongue, called also dog-tooth violet, belongs to the lily family and is quite persistent. The plant often remains for several years after the sod has become so tough that it will no longer bloom. The large wild lilies are well worthy a place in our gardens, for they are equally as attractive as the cultivated ones. The wild orange lily is somewhat similar to the tiger lily in appearance.

The buttercups, wild phlox and Virginia waterleaf are still abundant in most places, where there is still a little woodland in which to grow. The wild phlox, known to most children as Sweet William, will readily adapt itself to a shady fence corner and will continue to bloom for years without attention, if only the blue grass is not permitted to crowd it out. There is also a prairie species of phlox equally attractive.



WHITE SNAKE ROOT.

The violets, or Johnny-jump-ups, are common everywhere, and known to everybody. They are perhaps transplanted more commonly than any other wildflowers so, perhaps, are less likely to be exterminated. Flowering about the same time or perhaps a little later is the wild ginger, with a conspicuous leaf, but a peculiar cup-shaped flower which is usually hidden among the leaves as though too modest to show itself.

The columbine, commonly known as wild honeysuckle, is now quite generally cultivated, but wild specimens are no longer plentiful except in out-of-the-way places. Jack-in-the-pulpit is worthy of mention because of its unusual flower from which it takes its name.

Our space will not permit mention of all the attractive ones that follow each other in rapid succession through the season. Solomon's seal and a score of others intervene before the starry campion makes its grand display of white bells in July. In the eastern part of Iowa the cardinal flower is perhaps the most striking of those that bloom in midsummer.

At this season there are fewer blooms and for a time there is a dearth of flowers, until, toward fall, the white snakeroot and asters make the final showing. The woodland aster is a treasure of our late summer flora and worthy a place of honor in anybody's garden. As I write (August 31) I look from my window and feast my eyes on the thousands of blossoms of this plant in my wild garden. The blossoms continue until cut short by frost in September and, sometimes, October. It is a fitting climax to a long season of beauty.

Nor should we forget the long list of attractive shrubs and climbers which add to the season's profusion. The elderberry with its masses of white flowers in June, and the sumac with its red berries in autumn, are representative of the list. The wild grape with its masses of green, or the Virginia creeper, will convert an otherwise ugly back fence into a thing of beauty and joy forever. The native plums, crabs and hawthorns are beautiful in flowering.

With flowers as with other things, Iowa may well be proud of her showing. Let us make sure that they are properly appreciated and permanently preserved.



FEEDING YOUNG WRENS.

—By Permission of Chas. Scribner's Sons.

BIRDS OF IOWA.

BY B. H. BAILEY, CEDAR RAPIDS.

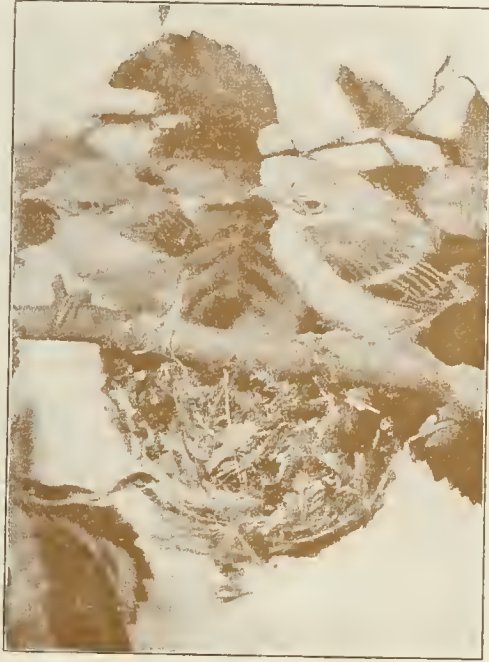
Of the more than thirteen thousand species of birds that have been described in all the world, some three hundred and fifty-two species have been recorded in Iowa. Some, like the Frigate pelican, or Man-o'-war bird, are wanderers that have left the ocean and have come on strong pinions far from their usual haunts "where the rocking billows rise and



A TIMBERED BOTTOM LAND.

sink at the chafed ocean's side." Some, like the snowy owl and the snow bunting, visit us during the coldest season of the year, coming down from the far north only when mid-winter weather has brought an Arctic temperature to Iowa, suiting these hardy birds of the northland. By far the larger number of our Iowa birds fall into three classes. A few, like the crow and the screech owl, live at all seasons of the year within the borders of the state. Many, like the catbird and the bobolink, return regularly each summer to find in Iowa a nesting site; while a host of waterfowl and warblers wing their way northward, stopping in their vernal flight to feed and to await the opening spring of more northern climes, and then are seen no more 'til the approach of fall and winter brings them hurrying back in many unfamiliar plumages to share again our hospitality and cheer on their southward journey.

If every child who reads this article will spread out before him the map of the United States he will see what a favorable position Iowa occupies between the great Mississippi river on the east and the Missouri river on the west. Into these two rivers the streams of Iowa, divided by the higher land of the west central portion of the state, drain their abundant waters. Now if we will remember the many times when in the spring we have seen flocks of birds flying northward, and in the fall similar flocks moving southward, generally directing their flight along these waterways, we will understand why Iowa has such an abundance of bird life in its varied forms. The Mississippi is not excelled in all the world as a highway along which birds travel in their spring and fall migrations.



YOUNG VIRIOS—GOOD MORNING.

—By Permission Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Birds find in the timbered lands along our Iowa streams a most suitable protection, affording not only shelter but an abundance of food as well, while the refreshing drink and bath are always at hand. Much of the traveling, especially among the smaller birds, is done at night, and the river course is followed doubtless with comparative ease. The reedy banks or timbered bluffs are welcome resting places to these little wing-weary travelers. If you will compare the number and variety of birds that are to be found during migration along a well timbered stream with the few that may be found along a stream whose borders are bare and uninviting, you will readily understand how much the birds love the trees and how necessary they are, each to the other.

Many of our Iowa birds feed largely upon the fruits of our Iowa trees, and the seeds of these fruits passing unharmed through the bodies of the birds readily grow when they reach the soil. The fruit

of the wild cherry and the mulberry are plucked and often carried to a distance where the seeds may fall upon the ground and start other trees. The part birds play in the distribution of various kinds of trees would surprise us if we could but know all the facts. Our chief interest, however, seems to lie in protecting our cultivated fruit from such birds as the robin and the catbird. This can be done in part by planting such other trees as will supply the birds with fruit, and thus cut down the toll they take of our choice varieties. At the same time we must not begrudge them their fair share in payment for the many noxious insects they destroy. Trees of all kinds harbor beneath their bark and in the crevices of their trunks insects, their eggs and larvae in great numbers. These the birds diligently search out and devour.



YOUNG ROBINS AT HOME.

—By Permission Chas. Scribner's Sons.

The woodpeckers by means of their chisel-like bills are able to drill into the very heart of the tough hickory where the boring larva is to be found. Nuthatches run about over the trunks of forest and shade trees, caring not whether their heads be up or down, searching for and pulling out from crannies beneath the bark the egg cases or cocoons of many kinds of insects. Cuckoos devour the bristly caterpillars and other larvae that infest the foliage of the trees; and a host of smaller birds, warblers, chickadees, vireos and kinglets, search the axils and under surfaces of leaves with a vision that is keen and an industry that is untiring. Flitting about from branch to branch on the outer limbs the flycatchers, with ready eye and snapping bills, pick up dextrously the moths and other winged insects that are likely to deposit their eggs upon the tree. Thus, from the heart of the tree where the ants and grubs work destruction in the dark, to the sun-tipped foliage on its

tallest branches the tree is guarded by a host of feathered folk, each fitted to its special work of protection, and every one urged to the task by the most primal of all instincts, the search for food.

The same idea may be still further impressed upon us if we consider the various levels or strata in which birds usually feed. Some species feed altogether upon the ground, scratching among the leaves, probing in the moist soil, or catching the beetles that hurry from one hiding place to another. Certain other birds search the shrubs and dwarf trees, or the lower branches of the taller ones, freeing them from insect



A TREE GUARDED BY A HOST OF FEATHERED FOLK.

pests that infest trunk or branch or leaf. Still others are found feeding only at some height in the tallest trees, scarcely ever descending to the lower branches and rarely to the ground. Above all these the chimney swift and nighthawk, the one by day and the other by night, glide on swift and tireless wing through the abysses of the upper deep, seizing in their capacious maws the strong winged insects which fly at that far height.

All animal life is dependent upon plant life. Even the birds of prey feed upon other birds or animals which in turn secure their food from

the plants. From the oats harvest, when the quail and the prairie chicken find in the stubblefield abundant grain and insects, or the autumn when the gorgeous wood duck feasts upon the sweet scented red haw, to the chill twilight of February when the little downy woodpecker hammers away at the frozen apple in the orchard, or the whirring ruffled grouse stops to pluck the scarlet woodland berries, the plants of field and forest are paying back their friends, the birds. Who can but believe as he watches the swelling throat of some feathered songster pausing in the midst of the morning meal to fill the leafy air with melody, that the birds find pleasure and companionship in the trees?

There is no better means of protecting the birds of Iowa than to make it possible for every boy or girl in our public schools to become not only acquainted, but familiar, with as great a number of our Iowa birds



THRUSH'S NEST.

—By Permission Chas. Scribner's Sons.

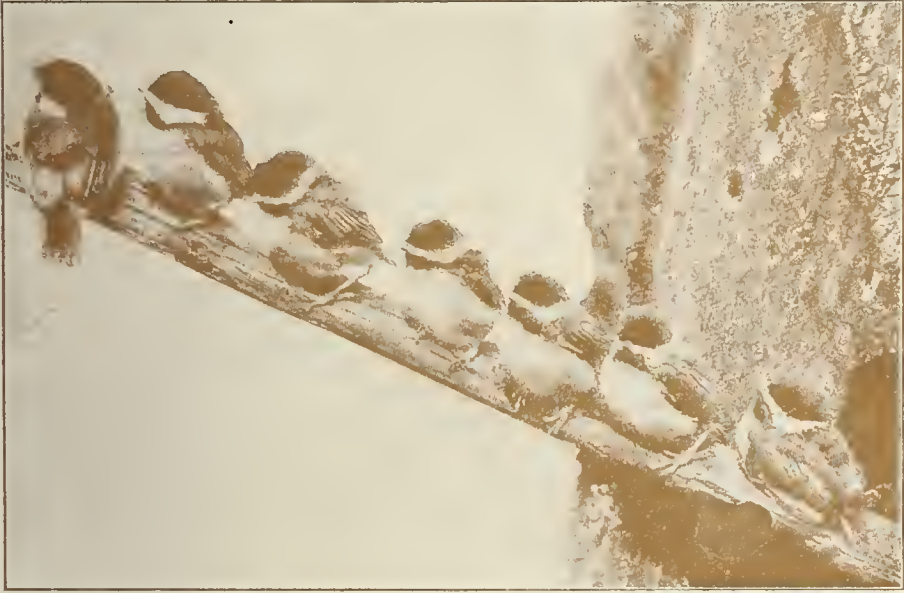
as possible. About one hundred and fifty of the birds recorded in Iowa have been known to nest here, and half of these any nature-loving person may learn to recognize at sight. It is indeed rare that a boy or girl who has watched the selection of the nesting site, the building of the nest, the laying of the eggs and the rearing of the young birds, will permit either the parents or their young to be molested without protest. As our knowledge of each species increases, and our list of bird friends grows, we will find that our sympathy and protection will surround a larger circle of these feathered folk.

Even the birds of prey, with the exception of the coopers hawk and great horned owl, may profitably be included in our list of protected species; for while others may occasionally carry off a chicken, the vast good they do in destroying such animals as field mice and gophers, as

well as insects, will more than repay for the killing of a fowl here and there.

The sparrows, with the exception of that pest, the English sparrow, do untold good by eating weed seeds in great quantities, which if not thus disposed of would germinate and have to be plowed up or hoed up, costing both time and labor.

There are two suggestions that if followed will help to increase the number and variety of birds that come familiarly about our homes. First let us try to get along with as few cats as possible, never allowing a cat to stray away and become wild or permitting the family cat to



YOUNG CHICKADEES—WE ARE SEVEN.

—By Permission Chas. Scribner's Sons.

cultivate the inherited desire to kill birds. The protest that birds make when a cat approaches tells more plainly than words that the cat is their deadly enemy.

And then let us supply food, drink and shelter for the birds in farm and village and city. Let them come back once more to places that have long missed the cheer of their songs and the interest of their sprightly ways. Let us open our hearts to the creatures of the air, that perchance in receiving them and restoring them once again to their own, we, through an open window, may hear their melody and with them lift up our thanks on high.

GOOD ROAD MAXIMS.

Good roads are civilizers.

Good roads are educators.

Good roads pay for themselves.

Good roads mean additional profits for the farmer and cheaper products for the consumer.

Good roads enhance the value of everything they touch and bring good returns to everything that travels them.

Good roads are promoters of good health.

Good roads will convert swamps into homesteads.

Good roads double the value of adjacent farms.

Good roads are the milestones of civilization.

Good roads bind people together in industry, intelligence and patriotism.

—From *Arbor Day*.



HAROLD HOSKINS AND HIS MODEL.

GOOD ROADS TO GOOD SCHOOLS.

BY JESSIE FIELD, CLARINDA.

The economic value of good roads to the farmer as a help to him in getting his produce to market at a low expense is often spoken of, but it is of even greater importance to all who live on farms that the roads

be fit for going to church, consolidated school, Farmers' Institute, Chautauqua and all other meetings having for their purpose community growth and upbuilding.

Everyone interested in his community, who is bigger than his own narrow, selfish interests, is a good roads enthusiast. More than that, if he lives in the country, he will express his belief in works, and after every rain you will see him out dragging the road that runs by his farm.

The King split log road drag is the greatest help that can be had in making good dirt roads and these are the kinds of roads we have most to deal with now in our state. A bulletin may be secured from the United States Department of Agriculture telling exactly how to make a King split log road drag. With the directions given in this bulletin any country boy can make a road drag and make it just right.

Then, when he has made the drag, he should use it, gradually dragging the dirt toward the center of the road until it is hard and oval, so the



D. WARD KING GIVING "POINTERS."

water will run off when it rains. One boy made up a little poem about good roads which shows that he believed in doing things to make the roads good. He said:

"Good roads; bad roads—
Which would you take?
We want the good roads
And good roads we'll make."

All the boys in his township got together and decided they would make the roads better. Each boy took a half mile of road and put his name up by his own half mile, and then worked very hard to make his half mile the best. They contracted with the township supervisor to drag after each rain so they received pay for their work.

They were helped by a young man who was captain of their road

team. He had the state highway commissioner come down and talk to them about good roads, and they all grew so enthusiastic that they would work on the roads nights after they came home from work in the field. They even cut the hedges and kept the weeds down at the sides of the road until it looked like a beautiful parking.

In October they had a man who knew all about good roads come and judge the half mile of each boy, and decide which was the best. They had all enjoyed making the roads better and are going to try again next year. Many a mother going to town on Saturday, many a big brother going to see his sweetheart on Sunday afternoons, many a farmer hauling his wheat and corn to town, many a boy and girl on their way to school and many a joyful automobilist has felt a "thank you" coming from the depths of his heart to the boys who decided to make the roads better and got to work and did it.

To have good roads everywhere is just a matter of each one doing his share. We would soon have good roads all over Iowa if only each one would make the road that runs by his own house as good as it could possibly be made.

FORESTRY AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY EDWIN R. JACKSON, EXPERT, FOREST SERVICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The forest is one of those natural features of the earth's surface which most frequently go to form the environment of the school. The trees are the largest specimens of the plant kingdom, and perhaps are more widely distributed than any other kind of plant. For this reason the forest is almost universally available for study. Further, the tree is perennial. It remains available for study in winter as well as summer. For these reasons the tree has long been a favorite subject for study and a prolific contributor of illustrative material for nature study classes. But too frequently these studies have taken the form of mere botanical classifications of the leaves according to shape, veining, and margin; or of the fruit, as to structure. Such studies, to my mind, tend to deaden interest rather than arouse it, unless, perhaps in some instances the monotonous features of the work are offset by the opportunity given for the exercise of the collector's instinct characteristic of the child.

It is seldom that the real value of these studies of nature, opportunity and material for which is provided by the forest, is appreciated and developed purposefully by the teacher. The tree, itself, is undoubtedly a splendid subject, but sometimes we see so many trees that we fail to notice the forest. We look at individuals and fail to get the broader conception of the community. If a newspaper correspondent were sent to write a sketch of a village famous for the community life of its people and should confine his report to a series of statements as to the height, weight, complexion and dress of certain individuals in the community, he would not be making a more obvious mistake than does the teacher who asks her pupils in primary grades to remember that the horse chestnut has leaves with "seven obovate, abruptly pointed, serrated leaflets." These descriptions are necessary, possibly, for scientific exactness, but scientific exactness is not to be required of children in the grades. You will accomplish more for the practical education of the child if you teach him to sort out a pile of leaves and be able to say instantly, upon seeing them, "This is a horse chestnut leaf," or "This is a maple leaf," even if he cannot tell you at first just how he is able to identify each one.

But there is a greater reason why pupils, even in the grades, should study the forest. There are certain great topics and problems constantly before the people of any nation with which every well-informed citizen should be familiar. Such topics, for example, as the great questions of government, of politics, of economics, and of religion, which concern each individual member in any social system. Prominent among the great problems with which the people of the United States have had to



THE PATH TO "MOSSY GLEN."

—Picture by Ballard, West Union Ia

deal in recent years has been the question of how to conserve the natural wealth of the nation. Among the resources from which this wealth is drawn, the forests occupy a prominent place, not only because of the great value of the commercial products obtained from them, but also the standing forests have a great influence upon the condition of the soil, the water supply, and even the atmosphere of the continent. In this respect, the forest occupies a place unique in nature. The effects of the forests in checking the run-off of surface waters; in assisting the percolation of this water through the strata of the soil; and consequently in regulating the flow of streams are facts with which every public school pupil should be familiar.

Again, every student should know the important facts concerning the influence of the forests upon soils; how the roots of the trees penetrate the lower subsoil, absorb the disintegrated mineral substances, and send them up to be built into the leaves as organic matter; then, when the leaves fall, we find a rich coat of humus deposited on the surface of the ground to add to the fertility and value of the soil. As if this were not enough, the trees go still further in this great improvement work, and on steep hillsides their clinging roots are instrumental in preventing the removal of this soil by erosion.

Space will not permit a discussion of all the ways in which the trees influence the activities of men or the part they play in beautifying our homes, in protecting them from winds, in cooling the air with their shade, and in purifying it by the removal of the carbonic acid gas. It is necessary, however, to call attention to the tremendous extent to which commerce and industry are dependent upon the forest. The importance of the forest in regulating a streamflow has already been mentioned. Of course, dependent upon steady streamflow are almost unlimited possibilities of water power development and the utilization of streams for transportation—possibilities as yet to a large extent scarcely realized in this country. It is necessary that the future citizen should know of these things if he is to make the most of the opportunities for financial success that are before him. Then consider the commercial products derived from the forest; the vast quantities of rough and manufactured lumber; the acres of spruce forest ground up to form wood pulp for paper stock; the thousands of barrels of pitch, turpentine, and rosin, drawn from the southern pineries; the maple sugar and syrup produced in the "sugar bushes" of the northeast; together with the thousand minor products which daily crowd the markets of trade. All these, with the industries based upon them, are features which no student of geography, of arithmetic, of economics, can overlook, even if he does not realize clearly their connection with forestry.

There is still another reason why forestry forms an essential part of the work which should be given in our public schools. Of recent years, far-seeing statesmen and educators have urged the necessity of encouraging our young people to stay on the farms instead of abandoning them for the city office or store. The foundation of our nation's prosperity is the farm. Our land is adapted especially to the pursuit of agriculture. Our educational system has begun to adapt itself to this fact, and



"WHERE COOL AND LONG THE SHADOWS GROW."

-- Picture by Ballard, West Union, Ia.

throughout the land we find agricultural high schools being established, the avowed aim of these schools being to train the boys and girls for life on the farm. It is strange that, as yet, so few of these schools devote any attention to the farm woodlot in their courses. Every farm, no matter if the soil is good or poor, has room for a woodlot. This is especially true where the farm contains waste land which frequently can be utilized and made to yield a profit if devoted to trees. Every farmer, therefore, should be familiar with the principles of woodlot management, that he may be better able to secure a livelihood from his farm. For this reason, forestry has an important place in our high schools, especially in those where agriculture is taught. Writers of text books on agriculture for secondary schools have begun to recognize this, and in many of the later texts, chapters on forestry appear. Most of these writers, however, seem to miss the point, for they deal with forestry in its aspect, while the way in which it should be treated, in order to give the best results, would be to consider the trees of the woodlot as a farm crop, to be managed, harvested and marketed just as is done with the other crops of the farm. Nevertheless, the day when this very practical element shall be introduced into the work of every agricultural school seems to be fast approaching.



WHERE LEAVES RUSTLE TO THE RABBITS TREAD

—Picture by Ballard, West Union, Ia

THE NEGLECTED COUNTRY SCHOOLHOUSE.

BY EUGENE SECOR, FOREST CITY.

Wouldn't it be nice if every country schoolhouse were surrounded by enough trees to attract the birds, especially during the nesting and song seasons? (Which seasons, by the way, are one and the same, and generally come before the schools close for their summer vacation. It is an interesting fact that birds seldom sing except at mating and nesting time.)

Such trees would be as useful in winter as they would surely be attractive in summer.



A PLACE WHERE BIRDS SING.

If a row of evergreens were planted on the north and west side of the schoolhouse lot, what a protection it would afford in winter! Instead of cold, biting winds when a child stepped out of the schoolhouse, the comfort of such a wind-break would at once be appreciated.

And in addition to the evergreens, and for the educative value of variety, a few deciduous trees should be so planted as not to interfere with one open playground, and yet not in straight rows, if such arrangement be possible.

I do not like to see a row of trees stand straight and stiff like a regiment of soldiers in review. I like rather to see them in little groups

as a lot of informal picnickers. Nature doesn't do her finest planting in straight rows or of one variety only. Of course, an outside line, or a wind-break, or along a street are permissible exceptions.

And I wouldn't plant cottonwood. Lombardy or box elders, those cheap pioneers that have been superseded by the more beautiful, more enduring and more valuable sorts—linden, elm, larch, white birch, laurel-leaf willow, etc.

A school yard properly laid out and properly planted and cared for a few years would be an inspiration to teacher and pupil and a joy to everyone in the district. It would be easy to make it the center of social



A MUCH NEGLECTED SCHOOL HOUSE.

life and literary culture. It would be easy in such a spot to get children interested in nature study, enlarging their outlook in life and increasing their happiness. It would be easy to cultivate the habit of observation, so that they might not go through life stumbling blindly over the most beautiful pictures. In such environment it would be easier to bind young people to country life, and if they should be enchanted by golden dreams to the city of strife and pain, they would lovingly recall the little schoolhouse where the little schoolma'am taught them to *see things*.



A HOME ACROSS THE WAY.

AN ARBOR DAY VISIT.

BY BERTHA E. BUSH, OSAGE.

Characters—

Arbor Day.

Schoolchildren, any number.

Dryads, four leaders with any number desired following.

Costumes—

Schoolchildren, ordinary dress. Arbor Day, white dress with ribbon or tissue paper decorations of pink. Dryads, green dresses, or dresses trimmed with green tissue paper rosettes and bands; flowing hair with a twist of green tissue paper forming a coronet about it.

The verses may be given singly or by each group in concert. At the opening of the piece, a knocking is heard at the door.

Schoolchildren—

Who knocks upon the schoolroom door?

(*A pupil goes to the door and opens it.*)

Arbor Day (outside)—

'Tis Arbor Day. 'Tis Arbor Day.

Pupil Who Opened Door—

A guest we gladly greet once more!

Come in, dear Arbor Day.

(*Arbor Day enters, followed by dryads.*)

Schoolchildren—

O welcome, welcome, Arbor Day!

And who are these who come with you?

Arbor Day (Bringing dryads forward)—

These are the dryads of the trees;

A message they would bring to you.

Schoolchildren—

O dearly do we love the trees,

Their swaying branches, all astir,

Their fair leaves rustling in the breeze.

Right welcome is each messenger.

Dryads—

We thank you for your welcome kind.

The messages we bear

Are greetings full of kindly love

And thanks for friendly care.

First Dryad—

From splendid forests stretching wild,

To ruthless choppers' axes prey,

We bring a greeting to each child

Whose voice would bid destruction stay.

Second Dryad—

From countless newly planted trees,
Growing and glad, a happy throng,
We bring you messages of thanks
For helping the good work along.

Third Dryad—

From every tree that bears you fruit,
Or any kind of nut uplifts,
From maples, rich in sweetest sap,
We bring the proffer of their gifts.

Fourth Dryad—

From every tree that lifts its head,
Little or big or young or old,
We bring you thanks for taking thought
Their strength and beauty to uphold.

Schoolchildren—

We thank you, dryads; to the trees
Please carry back this word, and say
That we will love and care for them
On Arbor Day and every day.

All (joining hands and circling around Arbor Day while they sing to the tune of "Jolly Old St. Nicholas")—

Welcome, welcome, Arbor Day,
Harbinger of Spring!
Trees and children love you well;
Happiness you bring.
Flowers and birds and rustling leaves
Follow in your way.
Joyfully we greet you here!
Welcome, Arbor Day.

NATURE LOVER'S CREED.

I believe in nature, and in God's out-of-doors.
I believe in pure air, fresh water and abundant sunlight.
I believe in the mountains, and as I lift up mine eyes to behold them,
I receive help and strength.

I believe that below their snowy crowns their mantles should be ever green.

I believe in the forests where the sick may be healed and the weary strengthened; where the aged may renew their youth, and the young gather stores of wisdom which shall abide with them forever.

I believe that the groves were God's first temples, and that here all hearts should be glad, and no evil thoughts come to mar the peace; I believe that all who seek shelter within these aisles should guard the noble heritage from harm, and the fire fiend never be allowed to roam unwatched.

I believe in the highland springs and lakes, and would have noble

trees stand guard around them; upon the mountain sides I would spread a thick carpet of leaves and moss through which the water might find its way into the valleys and onward to the ocean.

I believe in the giant trees which have stood for thousands of years, and pray that no harm shall come nigh to them.

I believe in the axe of the trained woodsman and would have it hew down the mature trees of today that we may secure lumber for our needs, and the trees of smaller growth have more light and air and space.

I believe in the seeds of the trees, and would gather and plant them, and I would care for the seedlings until they are ready to stand with their brothers in the forests and plains; then the wilderness and the dry land shall be glad and the desert shall rejoice.

I believe in protecting the birds and the animals that live amidst the trees, and the ferns and mosses and blossoming plants.

I believe in all the beautiful things of nature, and would preserve, protect and cherish them.

"Come let's to the fields, the meads, and the mountains,

The forests invite us, the streams and the fountains."

—By Mrs. P. S. Peterson, in *Vick's*.

In Wisconsin Arbor and Bird Day Annual.

QUOTATIONS.

Of all man's works of art, a cathedral is greatest.

A vast and majestic tree is greater than that.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

When we plant a tree, we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

I tasted the odor of a hundred blossoms and the green shimmering of innumerable leaves and the sparkle of sifted sunbeams and the breath of highland breezes and the song of many birds and the murmur of flowing streams,—all in a wild strawberry.

—Henry Van Dyke.

A growing appreciation of the æsthetic and educational value of birds has sent many cultured folk to the woods, fields, and shores.

—"Nature and Culture."

It is a happy circumstance that the pure air of the countryside is beginning to blow through our affairs, that by many means of quick and easy transportation the farm is being made neighbor to the city, and that the calm thought of the unheeded fields, the thought of men in little hamlets and remote homesteads, is becoming part of the thought of the nation as it never was before. We shall be a happy people only when

we are a united people, when class is not set against class, when no man seeks any privilege except the privilege of common service.

—Woodrow Wilson.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can.

—Wordsworth.

There is something unspeakably cheerful in a spot of ground which is covered with trees, that smiles amidst all the rigors of winter, and gives us a view of the most gay season in the midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy.

—Addison.

We may shut our eyes but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing,
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by:

—Lowell.

"Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
'This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way.'"

—Henry Van Dyke

"Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are an ever-new delight;
They give us peace and they make us strong,
Such wonderful balms to them belong:
So, living or dying, I'll take mine ease
Under the trees, under the trees."

—Selected.

It is better to be true than to be popular; better to be sincere than to be sought after; better to be kind than to be brilliantly witty and entertaining.

—Selected.

"We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been today?"

He who loves most is the richest of mankind; not the worthy alone; not the lovely alone; not the attractive alone—but the unworthy, the

unlovely, the unattractive and those who can offer no return, also; love is its own highest reward..

—*Selected.*

"The sunshine and the gentle rain,
The clear bird song that hails the morn,
The meadow land which flowers stain,
The swaying banners of the corn,
The grass that whispers to the breeze—
What common, common things are these?
No common thing is held apart
From us, or pent with lock and key,
But all are made for you and me.
It always seems God loves the best
The Things He makes the commonest."

—*Selected.*

Not what we *say*, tells, nor does what we *do* always speak truly; but what we *are* is as inevitable as life itself—we can neither deny nor evade that.

—*Selected.*

Not always in loud praise or cheer
We find the gratitude sincere;
But in the handclasp clinging tight,
The misting tears that blur the sight!

—A. W. P.

Happiness is not found on the wide, bright highway of pleasure, but rather in the quiet lanes and byways of daily duty.

Once trying is usually an experiment; twice, and we begin to get the hang of it; three times and we win.

Time enough to call things a failure after they fail.

What a lot of rubbish passes for argument!

—*Selected.*

The genius of this country has marked out her true policy—hospitality; a fair field and equal laws for all; a piece of land for every son of Adam who will sit down upon it; then, on easy conditions, the right of citizenship and education for his children.

—*Emerson.*

A little nature history teaching in the rural schools would add much to the joy of country life. To teach boys and girls to know the birds, the wild flowers, the trees and shrubs is to strengthen their affection for their native fields and woods and to make them less likely to leave the farm.

Do not scoff at the groundless fears of little children. They are very real to them. Endeavor by patient explanation to prove that the dreadful bugaboo is harmless.

One of the worst habits that we can acquire is waiting till tomorrow. Tomorrow is a dream of the future and seldom comes. Today is the field of opportunity, and every man should be ready to grapple the tasks before him.

The school is an important factor in the life of any neighborhood.

Good buildings, well kept fences around school grounds, nice walks, trees and a neat lawn, are things really worth while.

—*Fannie Wood, in Farm Journal.*

It took old nature some fifty years
To give a tree its majesty and power,
And now some fool with an axe appears
And cuts it down in a short half hour.

—*W. G. D.*

How can a man help loving a fruit tree?
And if he does, how can he neglect it? ✓

The New Testament is a nature book—the power of the parables lies in the fact that they deal almost wholly with country life.

Clean out your foul cellars. Burn your rubbish heaps. Make everything sweet about you. Surround yourselves with the beautiful. Grow the trees and multiply the good, and so you will become an inhabitant of the New Jerusalem because you are a child of God.

—*Selected.*

A FEW POINTERS ON PLANTING TREES.

J. H. PROST, CITY FORESTER, CHICAGO.

1. Trees are best when nursery grown.
2. Trees transplanted from the woods should be seedlings.
3. A tree two inches in diameter measured one foot from the ground is large enough.
4. Trees should have a compact root system, straight main trunk and well balanced top.
5. The lower branches should be trimmed to a height of seven feet from the ground.
6. Trees should be free from fungus and insect diseases.
7. Tree holes should be larger than required by the root system.
8. Trees should be planted with as large a root system as possible.
9. Prevent drying, sunburn or freezing of exposed roots.
10. Plant the tree at the same depth and exposure as it formerly stood.
11. Trim off all torn and broken roots and branches with sharp pruner before planting.
12. Plant no trees closer than twenty-five feet.
13. Arrange the roots to spread naturally in loose soil.
14. Tamp the soil well about the roots.

15. Water the young tree freely, especially during June, July and August, with one or two thorough waterings each week.
16. Keep the soil cultivated around young trees.
17. A serviceable and strong tree guard should be placed around the tree.

BIRD NOTES.

"No one dependent on the country for a living, and that means every city dweller as well as every farmer, can afford to shoot a single bird of any species, except when he is starving and there is no other food."

"It is well that crows have remarkable wisdom. Had not nature so endowed them, they would have been things of the past long ago, and so would the corn fields of the east."

"The boys and young men who made a good revenue killing hawks, are now busily engaged in extending their hawkeries, in order to get the bounty now paid upon each and every hawk raised."

"Let us be thankful for birds that build their nests in our own trees in the summer, and more thankful yet for some that stay to gladden the winter."

"It would be difficult to point out a more useful bird than the barn owl in any farming country. Like many other birds, it deserves the fullest protection."

—*From American Birds.*

The life of the thrush is pitched in a low key
The robin is at his best in the rollicking song of the morning.
The robin is of plebeian stock; the thrush a real patrician.

"Blow gently winds of June
Each downy nest
Is full of unsung songs
And unspread wings
That will respond to patient hoverings;
Soft rockings suit the rustic cradles best."

Better build houses for the birds near your home, rather than to stone them or shoot them.

A TOAST TO OUR NATIONAL BIRDS.

The American eagle,
The Thanksgiving turkey;
May one give us peace in all our states,
And the other, a piece for all our plates.

THE WISE OLD OWL.

"A wise old owl lived in an oak,
The more he saw the less he spoke.
The less he spoke, the more he heard;
Why can't we all be like that bird?"

Poems and Prose Selections

IOWA.

You may talk about the mountain breeze,
And the odor of the pine,
The grandeur of the Rockies
And the castle guarded Rhine;
But for me the rolling prairies
Where the vagrant zephyrs play
Like angels round the throne of God,
In dear, old, Iowa.

The ocean's spray is balm they say
To men of shattered will,
The sunny south, in winter time,
Makes languid pulses thrill;
But for me the upland hillsides
Where the winter winds hold sway,
And snow-drifts bridge the valleys
In dear, old, Iowa.

You may sing about the lotus bloom
Where tropic waters dance,
Or lilies fair beyond compare
In the vales of sunny France;
But for me a field of clover
Where the shattered sunbeams gay
Caress a sea of tangled bloom
In dear, old, Iowa.

The fertile valley of the Nile
Is famed in story old,
The Yukon's turbid waters rush
Across its sands of gold;
But for beauty, find the valley
Where the Wapsie winds its way,
Or the lazy Boone drifts dreaming by
In dear, old, Iowa.

—D. M. Kelly.

ARBOR DAY WORKERS.

An acorn was dropped by a gay little squirrel
As he scampered along on his way;
Oh, say, did he know he had planted a tree,
Doing his part to keep Arbor Day?

From the bill of a robin, a cherry stone dropped;
That stone to a cherry tree grew;
Said the bird, "Tho' the season for Arbor Day's past
I wish you would count me in, too."

And the gay wind had scattered full many a seed
He had gathered in frolicsome play;
He shouted, "O, what would you do without me,
To help you keep glad Arbor Day?"

"I tumble the apples and peaches all down,
The pears and the plums that you see;
I know they are hiding full many a seed
Which will grow to a beautiful tree."

And all the children together exclaimed,
"We wish to help, too, if you please—
To help the dear birds and the squirrels and the wind
In planting the beautiful trees."

—Selected.

A GARDEN.

EUGENE SWOPE.

During these summer months he who mingles with his fellow-men with an attentive and discerning ear hears so often in the general conversation these expressions: "My yard," "My flowers," "My garden," "My vegetables," "My land," "My crops," and spoken with such salutary pride and simplicity and sincerity of mind as to afford evidence that men are normal and sane and safe when they talk of these subjects. He who has an innate love for things that grow out of the ground, whether flowers, vegetables, or trees, is possessed of a high grade of mind that includes a consideration for his fellow-men and an interest in influences that make for good.

An honest love for nature—but it must be honest, and not affected—whether it leads to specific scientific research and knowledge, or just general, universal, unlabeled companionship with one's trees, birds, flowers, and bugs, is one of the unfailing sources of satisfaction and content, one of the chief blessings of life.

A childlike pride in one's proprietorship of a garden or yard is evidence of youthfulness of mind, since this claimed proprietorship is but another form of the child-game, make-believe. Any man knows that he is not really, truly the proprietor of the life and laws that daily operate in "his" gardens and make it what it is. These, of course, are the real interest and essence of every yard or garden. He simply uses the term "My garden"

or "My yard" as a matter of custom and convenience to designate a certain arbitrarily outlined plot of ground and what grows upon it from some other, or any other, similarly marked plot.

The widespread and growing demand for playgrounds and parks, and the strenuous effort on the part of cities to supply this demand, is the outcome of a deep craving for a better acquaintance with nature; and this desperate effort to give the most habitual city dweller an opportunity to gratify this craving is an acknowledgment that intensive city life is a failure, so far as a man's better self is concerned. This desperate and tremendously expensive effort to include a little of country life in the city is the mere beginning of a general realization of the uplift of nature upon man.

A window box in the fourth or fifth floor of a city building containing a few struggling plants is a pathetic sign that some poor creature is craving for a normal touch with nature and the privilege and right to express itself through the medium of a garden or yard, and this points the way to a new avenue for philanthropy; namely, helping such city-bound souls to come in touch with these simple things of out-of-doors, these things which the world does not class as necessities, but which the better nature, the higher self, craves—a garden.

—*From Nature and Culture.*

THE QUESTING FOOT.

Now that the blue-flag stirs at the root,
This is the time of the questing foot!—

Time to loiter and laze along,
With never a thought save of meadow-song,

Or of woodland silence that filters through
To your spirit's care like the balm of dew!

Only a wisp of a cloud above,
White as the dreams of the one you love.

Underneath a turf whose sheen
Is the very glossiest gold and green;

A wind that lures you with subtle hints
Of upland balsams and lowland mints;

A something—call it charm or spell—
Elusive and intangible,

That leads one ever and ever away
On to the purple verge of day.

Now that the blue-flag stirs at the root,
O to fare on the questing foot!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

GO PLANT A TREE.

Would'st thou upbuild a home where sweet wild lives are nested,
Glad with sound of song, quick with the flash of wings—
Where the soft broods may rock, warm housed and unmolested,
Deep in the leafy nooks, through all the changeful springs?
Would'st thou make day more fair, night more rich and holy,
Grant the sweet earth a gift, deep rooted, ripening slowly,
Add to the sum of joys that bless the rounded year?
Go, then, and plant a tree, lovely in sun and shadow,
Gracious in every kind—maple and oak and pine,
Blessings of dew and shade, hereafter shall be thine!
For though thou never see the joy thy hand hath granted,
Those who shall follow thee thy generous boon may share,
And each of many a spring shall find thy gift more fair.

—Anon.

BONNIE BLUE-BIRD.

EUGENE SECOR.

Out of the blue of a far sunny clime
Comes a sweet prophet on sky-colored wings,
Vanguard of chorus-choirs, biding their time,
And this is the message from Southland he brings:
"Cheer-up-here! cheer-up-here! cheer-up, cheer!"
Winter is passing and summer is near."

Willows are flaunting their catkins of down,
Maples are coloring the honey-bee's wings;
Boreas may threaten and bustle and frown,
This little optimist cheerily sings:
"Cheer-up-here! cheer-up-here! cheer-up, cheer!"
North Wind is conquered and flowers will appear."

Heart, O give ear to this prophet of hope,
Look for the skies that are kind, mellowing:
Not under clouds of despondency mope,
Rather, O heart, like the blue-bird sing,
"Cheer-up-here! cheer-up-here! cheer-up, cheer!"
Grief, like the winter, will soon disappear."

—Eugene Secor.

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
Every day a fresh reality
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree
He plants love.
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant: Life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

LEARNING AND LIFE.

The value of birds as an economic factor in farm life is coming to be emphasized more and more in connection with the movement for the conservation of bird life. But the stress is usually placed on the destruction of harmful worms and insects. A writer in the *Home Progress* magazine calls attention to the great value derived from the seed eating birds and the time and money saved through their war upon noxious weeds. Says the writer:

“Dr. Judd of the biological survey conveys some idea of what one kind of bird can do when he says that the tree sparrow destroys each year in the state of Iowa alone about 1,750,000 pounds, or 875 tons, of weed seed during its winter sojourn. If these seeds had developed into plants the expense to the farmer in getting rid of them by the hoe and the cultivator would be almost prohibitive.”

This is one of the many phases which a more scientific attitude toward agriculture is beginning to develop. It suggests the variety of forces which are to be considered in even so simple and apparently insignificant a case as the destruction of a song bird by a thoughtless or careless school-boy. The teaching of practical nature study in the schools, the interest awakened by study of soils and crops, should be a logical part of the country boy's education.

Such methods will not only help to save our bird life and produce more intelligent and alert agriculturists. The whole idea is a part of the most fundamental of pedagogical principles, that of relating school work to everyday interests and observation. A meaningless gulf between the theory of the class room and the actuality of the field or the street or any real and practical phase of life is too often observable. The child or the youth or the young man or woman stumbles through a long period of confused groping before learning to co-ordinate the knowledge of books and the forces of nature and life.

Teaching the value of birds is only a small illustration of the possibilities of education when applied to different aspects of living. But in the same manner larger and more significant subjects are made vital and full of meaning. It comes to be a habit, the most useful and sensible habit imaginable, the ability to apply intellectual training in specific and purposeful lines of thought and investigation. When a boy or girl sees just an ordinary tree sparrow or wood thrush not only as a pretty and interesting wild creature, but as a part of a wonderful scheme of natural forces

which act and react and together make the world beautiful and habitable, there is laid a foundation for sane and thoughtful conduct which could never be brought about by dogmatic restrictions or abstract facts unrelated to actual observation and personal application.

—*Des Moines Register and Leader.*

CALLING THE BIRDS.

Come, throistle throat and robin breast,
Come, blue-bird with the rosy crest,
Come, little wren in golden brown,
And kingbird with the orange crown,
Come, hedge-side sparrow chirping clear,
Come, winged friends from far and near.
The open furrow waits you now,
The cottage eave and orchard bough,
And singing pine and cedar warm
Shall house you snug from sleety storm.
O twittering voices, silent long,
Come in a cheery bustling throng,
Flood the dim porches of the day,
The dawn's faint pearl and rosy gray,
With freshest rapture of the spring,
As if all nature strove to sing.

O come and weave the fair nest
And sing in busy idleness,
Dropping each careless little air,
As God sheds healing everywhere;
Balance upon the maple's spire
That soon shall glow with rosy fire,
And sit, and swing, and pour your mirth
Upon the brown old sober earth,
Happy although you know not why,
Nor dreaming that your joy shall die.
O ye are nearer than ye guess
Unto the soul of blessedness.

—*Augusta Larned.*

THE COUNTRY BOY'S CREED.

I believe that the country which God made is more beautiful than the city which man made; that life out-of-doors and in touch with the earth is the natural life of man. I believe that work is work wherever we find it, but that work with nature is more inspiring than work with the most intricate machinery. I believe that the dignity of labor depends not on what you do, but on how you do it; that opportunity comes to a boy on the farm as often as to a boy in the city; that life is larger

and freer and happier on the farm than in the town; that my success depends not upon my location, but upon myself—not upon my dreams, but upon what I actually do; not upon luck, but upon pluck. I believe in working when you work—and in playing when you play, and in giving and demanding a square deal in every act of life.—*Edwin Osgood Grover.*

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

JEAN INGELOW.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better,
They are only one times one.

O, velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O, brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold.

O Columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper,
That hangs in your clear green bell.

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old; you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one today.

From Songs of Seven

WILD PLUM.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Overhead is the hum
Of the wind in the gloom
Of the sentinel pines;
And below the wild plum,
Where the slanting sun shines,
Throws its snowy white bloom,
Flings its subtle perfume
On the breeze
To the bees.

How they hover around,
Tiny bandits and bold,

Making thefts honey sweet
With a murmuring sound!
And the psyches they meet,
Little atoms of gold,
Join the frolic, and hold
Jubilee
Round the tree.

How the bloom and the balm
And the bee and the bird
In the depth of the wood,
To the heart brings a calm,
To the spirit seems good,
More than music or word.
Every fibre is stirred
By the hum,—
And the plum.

HOW TO DO THINGS.

"Plant oak or ash on useless spots of ground,
A birch or willow at the murmuring brook;
Some flowering shrub upon the grassy mound
Or useful tree in any vacant nook.
The graceful maple and the fragrant pine
On school-house grounds where children love to play;
Some hardy trees along the highway's line
To shade the traveler on his tiresome way."

—Selected.

THE TREE.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung.
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind as he swung.
"No leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow:
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

TO THE WHITE THROATED FINCH.

AUGUSTA LARNED.

Oh pretty bird, so fleet and small,
Why speed'st thou to the mountain side?
Say dost thou hear thy nestlings' call
O'er all the moorland lone and wide?

O little bird, a speck thou art
'Mid blue infinities of sky;
Thou hast a compass and a chart
Within that bright and anxious eye.

Thy bosom pants beneath its vest
Of silver plumage gray and white,
And winging onward toward the nest,
Thy warbles drop from out they flight.

Hush! birdies, hush! lie close and still
And in your dogwood cradle swing;
Your hungry mouths shall have their fill,
For here is supper on the wing.

DON'T ROB THE BIRDS, BOYS.

Don't rob the birds of their eggs, boys,
It is cruel and heartless and wrong,
And remember, by breaking an egg, boys,
We may lose a bird with a song.
When careworn, weary and lonely,
Some day, as you're passing along,
You'll rejoice that the egg wasn't broken,
That gave you the bird with its song.

—Anon.

A LITTLE BOY'S CONUNDRUM.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

I know a cunning little bird
That takes a bath each day;
He doesn't bathe a bit like me,—
In quite another way.
He just sits down right in the dirt
And rubs his feathers, then
He flies up to a tree o'erhead
And starts to sing again.

I saw a squirrel, too, one day,
Out in the garden make
A deep hole with his nose and claws
As if he'd got a rake.
He rolled himself from side to side,
Rubbed hard his nose and ears:
"Why, Chippy's at his bath!" ma said,
"Or so it thus appears."

Now when I play out in the dirt,
It's: "Mercy! what a sight
Your face and hands are! run right in
And wash them! you're a fright!"
So what I want to know is this:
If dirt gets squirrels clean,
Why must I wash to get it off
Of me, before I'm seen?

THE OPEN COUNTRY.

BY CLARA GRIFFITH GAZZAM.

Oh, ye whose childish footsteps never strayed
In sunlit pasture, or down wooded trail:
Whose weary little heads were never laid
On fragrant hay-cock, while the white clouds sail
Far in the blue sky-ocean, riding free!
What revelation must the country be!

Oh, ye whose childish hands men's labor soil,
Whose feet are blistered on the city's pave
And youthful backs are bent with endless toil,
While wistful eyes a moment's respite crave!
How can you know that just beyond there lies
The open country, and God's sunny skies?

Down in the crowded mart and steaming dive,
Still lower 'neath the pavement's deadly drip,
For daily bread these little workers strive,
A sickly pallor touching cheek and lip:
And just beyond them wave the flowers and trees
Which God intended for "the least of these."

Oh, piteous makeshift for a mother's care!
See how the tiny maidens take their place
Soothing with childish hand and instinct rare
Each baby scion of a work-worn race:
As, with a fretful burden on her arm,
Each "little mother" shields her charge from harm.

Give of your plenty! men of wealth and ease.
Release some weary burden from a child.
Send out some toil-worn babe to flowers and trees,
Or where the healing breezes wander wild.
Remember, if the gift is given free,
That God says,—"Ye have done it unto me."

THE MESSAGE.

In the early morning, just before the sun rises, or in the evening after it sets, are the seasons for refreshing and renewal.

God speaks in sundry voices and at divers seasons but His voice is sweetest and His presence nearest at these hours of the morning oblation and the evening sacrifice.

When the snow has fallen during the night and you are up and out on the country road before the foot of man or beast has trodden its purity, it is a world just fresh from the hand of God and He and you are alone in it.

Now when the leaves have not yet started but there is an indescribable sense of life in the air which the Great Mother reveals only to the children who love her, the great trees stand so silent with such an air of patience and waiting maternity, that the virtue of their willingness enters into your heart and you too are willing to wait, anxious to serve.

The silence of the new day like the holy hush of a sanctuary, the great trees standing motionless, serene, powerful, the early light, like the glow of a censor freshly burning, and over it all the spirit of waiting and willingness,—

Ah, my friend, many of us have learned to come, but many of us forget how to tarry. A half hour in the woods at early dawn will make us sane and patient and strong, like the trees, sane of judgment, patient to wait, strong to serve.

—*Farmer Boy.*

ROBIN SONGS.

I.

Flying, fluttering, chirping, singing,
On our northward way we're winging;
How surprised they'll be to hear us!
How with scattered crumbs they'll cheer us,
When the cold winds freezing blow,
When the ground is strewn with snow!
Hear the children's voices say,
"Robins have come back to-day!"

II.

My mate is shy
As away she flies;
And oh! How sly!
Watching me with her eyes.

Chase and chase
In the old elm tree,
From top to base
Flying away from me.

III.

She is mine, and we're building our little nest,
Weaving in twigs and down and string,
Making it soft where the eggs will rest;
And from joy in it all we carol and sing,
For we're building our nest together.

See! where it almost completed lies
In the safe, deep crotch of the old elm tree.
While all above are the bluest skies,
How can we help but happy be,
When we're building our nest together?

IV.

Three eggs in the nest
Keeping warm 'neath her breast;
Oh, how happy are we,
With our blue eggs three,
And we sing
As we swing
In the old elm tree.

V.

Worms, worms, worms!
How I pull and tug and pull!
Till it seems that the ground cannot hold enough
To keep those little mouths full.
They are always crying for more
When back with the food we fly,
And we think that we fairly can see them grow,
As we feed them—my mate and I.

VI.

Fly, little bird,
Try, little bird,
See where thy mother sits high in the tree,
Try to fly to her side with me.
See where the cherry is hanging bright red,
Flashing so temptingly over her head,
Hear how she calls,
"Come! Taste the bright balls,
Don't be afraid,
Come! I will aid!"
Try, little bird,
Fly, little bird,
Try!

VII.

At night, when the day is done and she and I
Are singing softly in the tree tops high,
Into our songs, which once were glad, has crept
A lonesome note, for where our robins slept
Is now an empty nest. Our work is done—
They do not need us—they have flown and gone.

—Nina Barrows, in *The Mount Holyoke*.

A SONG SPARROW IN MARCH.

"How much do the birds know, afloat in the air,
Of our changeable, strange human life and its care?
Who can tell what they utter,
With carol and flutter,
Of the joy of our hearts or the pain hidden there?"

TWO KINDS OF SPORT.

"'Tis a beautiful morning," a sportsman said,
"The world looks so happy, let's each take a gun,
Go out and kill something for pastime and fun,
And proudest be he who counts the most dead."
They blotted out lives that were happy and good,
Blinded eyes and broke wings that delighted to soar.
They killed for mere pleasure and crippled and tore,
Regardless of aught but the hunger for blood.

Did they dream that night as they sank to their rest
How poor little Broken-Leg out in the field,
All nurseless and doctorless, fever-possessed,
Felt all of the torture that battlegrounds yield?

"Only a bird," yet his slayer would groan
If only one half of that pain were his own.

"'Tis a beautiful morning," a sportsman cried,
Who carried a kodak instead of a gun.
"The world looks so happy, so golden the sun,
I'll slip to the woods where the wild things hide."
The deer that he "shot" never dreamed of his aim,
The bird that he "caught" went on with her song,
Peace followed his footsteps, not slaughter and wrong,
Yet rich were his "trophies" and varied his "game."

Then homeward returning by mercy possessed,
He crushed not the snail that his steps overtook.
He paused to replace a young bird in its nest,
Or rescued an insect afloat in the brook.
His joys were joy-giving, not wounds to appall,
For he wore "The Crown Jewel of Kindness" to all.

—Harcourt.

THE TREE.

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear,
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold;
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppressed;
And when the autumn winds have stripped thee bare,
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam when most we need their care.

—Jones Very.

AUTUMN TREES.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

But yesterday a world of haze,
To-day, a glory of color and light!
Like golden voices shouting praise
The bright trees flame along the height.

Who would have thought the summer through,
Each separate tree of all the choir,
Lifting its green against the blue,
Held at its heart such flame and fire?

TURNING LEAVES.

ZITELLE COCKE.

The leaves are turning everywhere
To red and gold and brown,
And soon through the bright autumn air
They will be falling down.

And all the winter, night and day,
In country and in town,
Some other leaves will turn, and they
Sometimes may tumble down.

For winter days are dark and cold,
But study turns their hours to gold.
And leaves must turn and turn and turn,
If boys and girls intend to learn.

—*Youth's Companion.*

HOW DO YOU DO?

ELIZABETH ELLIS SCANTLEBURY.

O hurry, hurry, Aster dear!
Put on your purple gown,
For all the little girls and boys
Are coming out from town.

O Goldenrod, put on your hat
With yellow feathers fine,
Be ready now to make a bow—
The wind will give the sign.

Stand close together by the road—
The road all dusty brown—
For all the little girls and boys
Are coming out from town.

GOLDENROD.

CELIA THAXTER.

Graceful tossing plume of gold,
Waving lowly on the rocky ledge;
Leaning seaward, lovely to behold,
Clinging to the high cliff's ragged edge;

Burning in the pure September day,
Spike of gold against the stainless blue,
Do you watch the vessels drifting by?
Does the quiet day seem long to you?

—*Seaside Goldenrod.*

THE WATER-LILY MAN.

MARGUERITE DODDS.

A wheezy little local, with a few final gasps, came to a jerking halt before a dingy red station one weltering day in July. The platform was piled high with rusty milk cans, which a man began hurling at the baggage car almost before the train stopped.

A single passenger clambered aboard, a bent old man with wrinkled face and kindly blue eyes, carrying a basket filled with water-lilies. His gaze fell upon a scene of sticky discomfort. The passengers, blackened by the sooty clouds rolling in at the open windows, and their eyes stinging with cinders which refused to come out, were tired and cross. They twisted and squirmed in the hot, red plush seats; they made frequent unsteady trips to the watercooler. A fly buzzed around the shiny pate of an old gentleman who was vainly trying to sleep. Across the aisle two sticky little boys were giving each other furtive punches whenever their mother was not watching. From the far end of the car came the fretful wail of a baby, and the nervous hushes of the mother trying to still it, while the look of annoyance momentarily increased on the faces of the surrounding passengers.

The old man took up a great, white lily, its long green stem dripping with coolness, and put it into the baby's tiny red hands. Its wail stopped instantly. At the mother's faltering motion toward her lean, black purse, the man smilingly shook his head, and passed on down the car, giving a lily to each passenger until his basket was empty, nor would he accept pay for any of them.

Reaching the end of the car he turned for an instant to look back upon the changed scene, a glow of satisfaction spreading over his wrinkled face at the little contribution to their happiness. Waving a cheerful good-by, he hastily climbed down from the car just as the last milk can left the truck, and with a warning screech and several spasmodic tugs, the train crawled off upon its way once more.

—*The Mount Holyoke.*

AWAKENING.

Never yet was a springtime,
Late though lingered the snow,
That the sap stirred not a whisper
Of the south wind, sweet and low;
Never yet was a springtime
When the buds forgot to blow.

Ever the wings of the summer
Are folded under the mold;
Life, that has known no dying,
Is Love's, to have and to hold,
Till, sudden, the burgeoning Easter!
The song! the green and the gold!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

"When the maple turns to crimson
And the sassafras to gold
When the gentian's in the meadow,
And the aster on the wold;
When the moon is wrapped in vapor,
And the night is frosty cold;
When the chestnut-burs are opened,
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping of the flail—
With the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail:
Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year."

—Bayard Taylor.

THE LURE OF SPRING.

How the fields and woodlands lure us
When the birds are on the wing,
And the meadow lark's clear calling
Tells of earth's awakening;
When the maple trees are budding,
Waving willows flaunt their bloom,
While the fields are bathed in sunshine
That has banished winter's gloom.

When on hillsides are the wild-flowers;
Fairest harbingers of spring.
And the orchard spreads its splendor
In a wealth of blossoming.
How the heart beats in a rapture
At the glory that is rife,
When the earth is stirred and pulsing
With the mystery of life!

—George B. Staff.

—From "Nature and Culture."

Franklin, Indiana.

THE ROADSIDE TREE.

BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

I glanced up in a roadside tree:
A robin seemed to nod to me,
And then he trilled the song of joy
That thrilled me when I was a boy.

He flew away; from tree to tree
His song seemed calling, "Follow me!"
He lured me on, he led me long,
While I felt grateful for his song.

But suddenly he turned about,
Put my complacent thoughts to rout;
On swiftest wing he seemed to flee,
Returning to that roadside tree.

If friendly he considered me,
And chose me for his company,
Why did he lead me such a race,
Then speedily his way retrace?

Doubtless he feared I was in quest
Of pretty birdlings in his nest,
And sang his sweetest song to me
To lure me from that roadside tree.

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches the way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet, stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reed shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou has given,
And shall not soon depart:

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—Bryant.

TEACH ME THY MOOD.

HATTIE WASHBURN.

Teach me thy cheerful mood, O robin dear;
Though the woods are bare and the landscape sere;
Though the world is shrouded in cold and gloom
And chill snowflakes fall where the flowers should bloom;
Though the sun is hidden by clouds of gray,
Give to me the joy of thy cheering lay.

Teach me to know thy cheer when skies are gray
And bright rays of hope have vanished quite away.
Ah, could I but know when the day seems long.
The wondrous joy that throbs thy throat with song;
Could you lend to my mood thy cheering tone,
Within my soul that song would find its own.

From Nature and Culture

WE THANK THEE.

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird, and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

HELPING THE HEN.

"It's well I ran into the garden,"
Said Bessie, her face all aglow;
"For what do you think, mamma, happened?
You never will guess it, I know.

"The little brown hen was there, clucking—
'Cut-cut,' she said, quick as a wink;
Then, 'Cut-cut,' again, only slower;
And then she would stop short and think.

"And then she would say it all over;
She did look so mad and so vexed;
For, what do you think? She'd forgotten
The word that she ought to say next!

"So I said, 'Ca-daw-cut, Ca-daw-cut,'
As loud and as strong as I could;
And she looked around at me so thankful,
I tell you it made her feel good.

"So she flopped and said, 'Cut-cut-ca-daw-cut,'
(She remembered just how it went then;)
But it's well I went into the garden;
She might never have clucked right again."

—Selected.

THE SINGING LESSON.

A nightingale made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid away from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing!
But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep.

"Oh, Nightingale," cooed a dove—
"Oh, Nightingale, what's the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight,
Like common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?

"Only think of all you have done,
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you.

Lift up your proud little crest,
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best—
You need only to speak.”

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm,
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care;
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below,
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral, I know,
If you'll try to find it out.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

SAYING GRACE.

“Come, mamma, to the window!”
Cried Paul, with eager face.
“Just look at my little biddies!
They're drinking and saying grace!”
I quickly came at his bidding,
And saw a pretty sight—
Two downy little chickens,
Drinking with all their might.
And as they sipped the water,
They raised their beaks on high,
As if their thanks were lifted
To the beautiful blue sky.

—*Selected.*

HOW TO LOVE WORK.

A little bird
On a tall elm tree,
Was building her nest in June.
As she thought of her eggs
And her little birds,
She sang a merry tune.

—*Selected.*

BABY'S TOES.

Dear little bare feet,
Dimpled and white,
In your long nightgown
Wrapped for the night.

Come, let me count all
Your queer little toes,
Pink as the heart
Of a shell or a rose.

One is a lady,
That sits in the sun;
Two is a baby;
And three is a nun.

Four is a lily
With innocent breast;
And five is a birdie,
Asleep on her nest.

—*Selected.*

HOW THE WOODPECKER KNOWS.

WILLIAM J. LONG.

How does he know where to dig his hole,
The woodpecker there on the elm tree bole?
How does he know what kind of a limb
To use for a drum, and to burrow in?
How does he find where the young grubs grow?—
I'd like to know.

The woodpecker flew to a maple limb,
And drummed a tattoo that was fun for him,
"No breakfast here! It's too hard for that,"
He said, as down on his tail he sat;
"Just listen to this: rrrr rat-tat-tat."

Away to the pear tree, out of sight,
With a cheery call and a jumping flight,
He hopped around till he found a stub;
"Ah, here's the place to look for a grub,
'Tis moist and dead—rrrr rub-dub-dub."

To a branch of the apple, Downy hied,
And hung by his toes to the under side,
"Twill be sunny here in this hollow trunk;
It's dry and soft, with a heart of punk,
Just the place for a nest—rrrr runk-tunk-tunk."

"I see," said the boy. "Just a tap or two,
Then listen, as any bright boy might do;
You can tell ripe melons, and garden stuff
In the very same way—it's easy enough."

WHO TAUGHT THEM?

Who taught the bird
To build her nest
Of wool and hay and moss?

Who taught her how
To weave it best
And lay the twigs across?

Who taught the bee
To fly so well
And find the sweetest flowers?

Who taught her how
To store the sweets
For food in wintry hours?

—Selected.

THE PLANTING OF THE TREES.

EUGENE C. DOLSON.

Oh, have you seen on a wayside slope
The elms and maples, with branches high,
That some one planted, in faith and hope,
Far back in the silent years gone by?

Oh, not in vain there were left in trust
To a later age the trees he set;
When he who planted is turned to dust,
The good that he wrought survives him yet.

So, now, as the bounteous hours of spring,
With bud and blossom, come up the way,
▲ joyful duty to all they bring—
There is work for all on Arbor Day.

▲ lifetime treasure of shade or fruit
Many children gain for their transient toil,
When a tree shall rise from the slender root
They are burying deep in the mellow soil.

It will catch the sun's first gleam at morn,
Among its branches the birds will nest,
And other children, as yet unborn,
May seek in summer this haunt of rest.

Thus, year by year, as the day comes 'round,
Be this the work of our loyal care,
Till the land shall be with beauty crowned,
And waste-fields change to a garden fair.

—In *World's Events*.

THE MINSTREL OF THE MARSHES.

On a bullrush stalk a blackbird swung
All in the sun and the sunshine weather,
Teetered and scolded there as he hung
O'er the maze of the swamp woof's tangled tether;
A black bass leaped for a dragon-fly
And struck the spray from the sleeping water,
While airily, eerily, there on high
Sang the blackbird pert from the teeter-totter.

—Anonymous.

HOW BIRDS PROTECT TREES.

FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

Trees are like great hotels—they are so alive with their busy little insect people. Like hotels, when we are looking for rooms, there is a choice between outside ones and dark inside ones. The outside ones are in cracks in the bark. Here, in the fall, visiting moths stow away their eggs in snug winter bedchambers, and sleepy butterfly children wind themselves in their silken covers and rest quietly till spring calls them to unfold their wings and seek the flowers.

Beneath the bark, in the inside rooms, live the wood borers, and up and down the long hallways boring ants run busily to and fro.

In the spring the eggs left in the bark hatch into hungry worms, and thousands of these new guests climb up to the airy roof gardens of the tree hotels to dine in the green banquet halls on fruit and leaves. Indeed, so many hungry insect folk board in the hotels, and live on the wood and leaves, that if no bound were put on their work the boarders would quite eat up their hotels.

One small wood borer alone can kill a whole great tree, and thousands and thousands of hungry worms and insects are always at work in our shade trees.

Wood ants find the holes the borers have made, and go on from them, tunneling deeper and deeper into the heart of the trees, till they have honeycombed the timber with their galleries. Any one who goes to the woods can see their work. Did you never find a pile of sawdust at the foot of a tree, or see a streak of the dust on the bark? That is the work of the ants, and while you watch, one of the little black workmen will often come out of a hole in the bark, drop its load of dust, and hurry back inside for more. The poor trees suffer sorely, but, fortunately, there are not only hungry insects, but also hungry birds; and the birds, knowing full well that the trees are their best banquet halls, flock to them eagerly.

The woodpeckers spend most of their time chiseling through the bark for insects, so well hidden in the wood that only such sharp bills and barbed tongues as theirs can reach them. In winter they join the cheery chickadees, searching here and there over the crannies of the

bark for insects' eggs. The champion of their band has such a good appetite that it thinks nothing of eating five thousand eggs a day.

Besides the special bark and wood birds that meet over the trunks and branches, protecting the body of the tree, there are other birds that guard its head and feet.

Every country boy knows how mice girdle the apple trees, gnawing their bark just above the snow in winter. They do so much harm we would often have to go without apples if it were not for the hawks and owls; but these birds are great mousers, and work night and day to save the orchards.

The tree-top protectors are more numerous than any of the other tree birds, and when the leaves come out in the spring they fall to work with a will.

When an army of insects descends upon an orchard or grove, baring the trees of leaves, nearly all the birds in the whole neighborhood come to the rescue. And so the birds work all through the year—the tree-trunk birds and owls in winter, and the tree-top birds in summer—all working to protect the trees, which the insects are trying to destroy.

THE WOODPECKER.

FLORA COOKE'S MYTHS.

There was an old lady who lived on a hill. She was very small, and she always wore a black dress, and a large, white apron with big bows behind. On her head she wore the queerest little red bonnet you ever saw.

It is a sad thing to tell, but the little old lady had grown very selfish as the years went by. People said this was because she lived all alone, and thought of no one but herself.

One morning, as she was baking cakes, a tired, hungry old man came to her door. "My good woman," said he, "will you give me one of your cakes? I am very hungry. I have no money to pay for it, but whatever you first wish for, you shall have."

Then the old lady looked at her cakes, and thought that these were too large to give away. So she broke off a small bit of dough and put it into the oven to bake.

But when it was done she thought this one was too nice and brown for a beggar. So she baked a smaller one, and then a smaller one, but still each was as nice and as brown as the first.

At last, she took a piece of dough only as big as the head of a pin, yet even this, when it was baked, looked as large and fine as the others. So the old lady put all the cakes on the shelf, and offered the old man a dry crust of bread. But the poor old man only looked at her, and before the old lady could wink her eye, he was gone.

Then the old lady thought a good deal about it, and knew that she had done wrong. "Oh, I wish I were a bird," she said; "I would fly to him with the largest cake on the shelf."

As she spoke, she felt herself growing smaller and smaller, until the wind picked her up and carried her up the chimney.

When she came out she still had on her red bonnet and black dress. You could still see her large white apron with the big bows behind. But she was no longer an old lady, but a bird, just as she had wished to be.

But she was a wise bird and cheerfully began to pick her food out of the hard wood of a tree. And people after a while, when they saw her at work, named her the red-headed woodpecker.

THE LITTLE PLANT.

KATE L. BROWN.

In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep, so deep!
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep!

"Wake!" said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light!"
"Wake!" said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be!

HOW THE ROBIN CAME.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

(An Algonquin Legend.)

Happy young friends, sit by me,
Under May's blown apple tree,
While these home birds in and out
Through the blossoms flit about.
Hear a story, strange and old,
By the wild red Indians told,
How the robin came to be:
Once a great chief left his son—
Well-beloved, his only one—
When the boy was well-nigh grown,
In the trial lodge alone.

Left for tortures long and slow
Youths like him must undergo,
Who their pride of manhood test,
Lacking water, food and rest.

Seven days the fast he kept,
Seven nights he never slept.
Then the young boy, wrung with pain,
Weak from nature's overstrain,
Faltering, moaned a low complaint:
"Spare me, father, for I faint!"
But the chieftain, haughty-eyed,
Hid his pity in his pride.
"You shall be a hunter good,
Knowing never lack of food;
You shall be a warrior great,
Wise as fox and strong as bear;
Many scalps your belt shall wear,
If with patient heart you wait
Bravely till your task is done.
Better you should starving die
Than that boy and squaw should cry
Shame upon your father's son!"

When next morn the sun's first rays
Glistened on the hemlock sprays,
Straight that lodge the old chief sought,
And boiled samp and moose meat brought.

"Rise and eat, my son!" he said.
Lo, he found the poor boy dead!
As with grief his grave they made,
And his bow beside him laid,
Pipe and knife, and wampum braid,
On the lodge top overhead,
Preening smooth its breast of red
And the brown coat that it wore,
Sat a bird, unknown before.
And as if with human tongue,
"Mourn me not," it said or sung;
"I, a bird, am still your son,
Happier than if hunter flee',
Or a brave, before your feet
Laying scalps in battle won.
Friend of man, my song shall cheer
Lodge and corn land; hovering near,
To each wigwam I shall bring
Tidings of the coming spring;
Every child my voice shall know
In the moon of melting snow,
When the maple's red bud swells,
And the wind flower lifts its bells.
As their fond companion
Men shall henceforth own your son.
And my song shall testify
That of human kin am I."

Thus the Indian legend saith
How, at first, the robin came
With a sweeter life than death,
Bird for boy, and still the same.
If my young friends doubt that this
Is the robin's genesis,
Not in vain is still the myth
If a truth be found therewith:
Unto gentleness belong
Gifts unknown to pride and wrong;
Happier far than hate is praise—
He who sings than he who slays.

THE CHEERFUL ROBINS.

The clouds had been heavy
And dark all day;
I had looked for the sun in vain;
But sweet and clear
In the maple near,
The robins sang in the rain.

Ah, boys and girls
Who sit and sigh,
And of dreary days complain!
In cloud and sun,
Work bravely on—
The robins sing in the rain.

—*Selected.*

THE VIOLET.

JANE TAYLOR.

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lively flower,
Its colors bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there it spread its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow,
In sweet humility.

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Once the Emperor Charles of Spain,
With his swarthy, grave commanders,
I forget in what campaign,
Long besieged, in mud and rain,
Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the weather.

Thus as to and fro they went,
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses,
Mane or tail, or dragoon's crest,
Found on hedge-rows east and west,
After skirmish of the forces.

* * * * *

"Let no hand the bird molest,"
Said he, solemnly, "nor hurt her!"
Adding then, by way of jest,
"Golondrina is my guest,
'Tis the wife of some deserter!"

* * * * *

So, unharmed and unafraid
Sat the swallow still and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents as if disbanding,
Only not the Emperor's tent,
For he ordered, ere he went,
Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone
Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

WEEDS.

Much service may be rendered to the state by all who aid in the exterminating of noxious weeds. In this service, the boys and girls of the public schools may have a part. The law providing for the destruction of weeds follows:

Section 1. *Land owners or tenants to destroy weeds—when.* It shall be the duty of every person, firm or corporation owning, occupying or controlling lands, town and city lots, land used as right-of-way, depot grounds or for other purposes, to cut, burn or otherwise entirely destroy all weeds of the kinds mentioned in section two (2) hereof at such times in each year and in such manner as shall prevent the said weeds from blooming or coming to maturity.

Sec. 2. *Noxious weeds.* The following weeds are hereby declared to be noxious weeds, namely, quack grass (*agropyron repens*), Canada thistle (*cirsium arvense*), cocklebur (*xanthium canadense*), wild mustard (*brassica arvensis*), sour or curled dock (*rumex crispus*), smooth dock (*rumex altissimus*), buckhorn or ribbed plantain (*plantago lanceolata*), and wild parsnip (*pastinaca sativa*), horse nettle (*solanum carolinense*), and velvet weed or button weed (*abutilon theophrasti*) and burdock (*arctium lappa*).

Sec. 3. *Destruction on highways—neglect or refusal to destroy.* It shall be the duty of the township trustees or other officers responsible for the care of public highways in each township or county in this state to destroy or cause to be destroyed all noxious weeds mentioned in section two (2) hereof, or unnecessary brush on the highways in such a manner as to effectually prevent the production of their seeds or their propagation in any other manner, to warn out labor or to employ labor for this purpose in the same manner as for repairs to the highways, and for neglect or failure to perform this work they shall be subjected to the penalties in this act. If any occupant of lands adjacent to the public highways neglect or refuse to destroy the noxious weeds upon his land, or shall fail to prevent the said noxious weeds from blooming or coming to maturity, when such weeds are likely to be the means of infesting the public highway, or upon complaint of any land owner to the township trustees that his lands have been or are likely to be infested by weeds from the lands of another, including railway right-of-way, the trustees shall make an investigation of such condition or complaint, and if the same appears to be well founded they shall make an order fixing the time within which the weeds shall be prevented from maturing seed, and an order that within one year such noxious weeds shall be permanently destroyed, and prescribing the manner of their destruction, and shall forthwith give notice to the occupant of the lands where the noxious weeds exist, and if he shall neglect to obey such order within the time so ordered the trustees may cause such noxious weeds to be prevented from maturing seeds or may cause such noxious weeds to be permanently destroyed and the cost of the work shall be recovered from the owner by a special tax to be certified by the township clerk in the same manner as other road tax not paid.

Sec. 4. *Road funds may be expended.* The destruction of noxious

weeds in the public highway and other public places is hereby made a part of the road work of the township trustees and the county supervisors and they shall have authority to expend road funds for the destruction of weeds.

Sec. 5. *Property tax.* The law as it appears in section fifteen hundred and twenty-eight (1528) of the supplement to the code, 1907, is hereby amended as follows, namely: By inserting after the comma in the eighth line thereof the following words: "and for the destruction of noxious weeds in public highways and other public places," and by striking out the word "four" in the tenth line of said section and inserting the word "six" in lieu thereof.

Sec. 6. *School of instruction.* Between November and the succeeding April of each year the county supervisors shall call a meeting of the township trustees and the road supervisors of the county to consider the best methods of road work and the weed destruction, and in the public interest may secure the services of experts to give instruction in road building and weed destruction. For such attendance the same compensation shall be allowed to the trustees and road supervisors and the county supervisors as is allowed by law for other services, to be paid as other expenses. The expenses of experts herein provided for may be paid from the county road fund.

Sec. 7. *Cutting of weeds on highways.* It shall be the duty of township trustees and other officers directly responsible for the care of public highways to cause to be cut near the surface all weeds on the public highways in their respective districts at such times and in such manner as to prevent seeds from maturing.

Sec. 8. *Penalty.* Any person, firm or corporation violating any of the provisions of this act, or any township trustees, inspector or other officer, who neglects or fails to perform the duties incumbent on him under the provisions of this act, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be punished by a fine of not exceeding one hundred dollars (\$100.00).

EXTERMINATION OF WEEDS.

FROM "WEEDS OF THE FARM AND GARDEN," BY PROF. L. H. PAMMEL.

Among the most important considerations in connection with the extermination of weeds are prevention of the maturing of seed and the sowing of good seed only. In the long run the more expensive clover seed is better than the cheaper grade. Manure should be thoroughly decomposed to prevent the scattering of weed seeds. I found that seeds of various weeds placed in manure that underwent decomposition were destroyed.

Cultivation.—No other method is so good for the extermination of weeds as cultivation by keeping the fields clean. With ordinary cultivation the annual weeds are readily destroyed. Where the field is very weedy it may be necessary with perennial weeds to summer fallow, and perhaps we may as well give the methods of destroying a few of the perennial weeds. Take quack grass as an illustration, which is the most

injurious weed in the state of Iowa, especially in the northern part of the state.

The difficulty in exterminating weeds is due, in many cases, to the prolonged vitality which many weed seeds possess. Indian mallow, shoofly and other members of the mallow family retain their vitality for years. The seeds of many leguminosae display the same characteristic. Cases may be cited where fields which had been in meadow for years, upon being plowed soon abounded in the greater ragweed, in the grain crop. Such weed seeds have been scattered by freshets, but the coats of the involucre being very hard the seeds were thus able to delay germinating. In the case of the cocklebur, one "seed" germinates one year and the other the next. When the seeds' coats are hard the seeds may retain their vitality for long periods. Manure should not be applied on fields until it has been thoroughly composted, and thus the weed seeds contained in it thoroughly destroyed. This is not the usual practice. When fresh manure is spread on the field, the straw should be reasonably clean. Clean seed should be sown.

In the general treatment of weeds, in order to exterminate them, it is first always important to prevent the formation of seed, and secondly, to prevent the formation of roots. This subject will be discussed under the following heads: (1) Rotation of crops. (2) Treatment of annual weeds. (3) Treatment for biennials. (4) Treatment for perennials. (5) Treatment for special weeds; (a) in meadow and pasture; (b) in grain fields; (ba) among small grains; (bb) in corn fields; (c) in gardens; (d) on roadsides; (e) in yards; (f) lawns; (g) summer fallow.

Rotation of crops.—It is a well-known fact that soil long cultivated with the same crop is generally not as remunerative as where rotation of crops prevails. A piece of land grown continually in wheat, oats, or flax will leave the field full of foul weed seeds. The continuous cropping of flax and oats in the northwestern states has left the fields so full of mustard that in some places there is almost as much mustard as oats or flax. The continuous cropping with corn, combined with poor cultivation, has left many fields in southern Iowa and northern Missouri full of cocklebur. The continuous cropping with oats has often resulted in large quantities of wild oats growing with the tame. The continuous use of the pasture without renewal has caused blue vervain to become a bad weed. Professor Spillman gives the following as a definite suitable rotation: When sod is plowed, the land is planted in corn, then wheat is sown and grass follows. A freshly broken sod, brought into good condition, will be much easier to take care of than a piece of wheat or oats ground. It will contain a far smaller number of weeds, and consequently fewer weed seeds. Corn in such ground is usually quite clean by the time it is "laid by," and there is less chance for weed seeds to mature than in a "small grain" field. This method of cropping insures a smaller number of weed seeds when this corn field is placed in small grain the following year. After the small grain is removed it is always advisable to plow as soon as possible and then harrow in order to expose the roots of weeds already in the soil. If the small grain crop is followed by clover a crop fairly free from weeds should be produced. It would be better if the clover meadow could be converted into blue grass pasture.

Where there is a tendency for weeds to appear, the blue grass should be encouraged to occupy the vacant spaces. In the east, where alfalfa is grown, it should be treated in the same way as clover, but Mr. J. E. Wing, of Ohio, keeps all of his land, so far as possible, in alfalfa. In the west, especially in the Rocky Mountain country, it is far better to retain an alfalfa meadow for a long term of years.

There are some notable illustrations in western Wisconsin, eastern Minnesota and northeastern Iowa, where mustard and wild oats were, at one time, as abundant as in the small grain-growing section of Minnesota and the Dakotas; but by converting the tillable lands largely into pastures and meadows these weeds have ceased to be so troublesome. Small grain fields where rotation has been practiced are almost entirely free from weed seeds. So far as annual weeds are concerned there is no better way of treating them than by a systematic rotation of crops.

Treatment of annual weeds.—The most important point in connection with annual weeds is to prevent the formation of seeds. Cultivation of a field should be thorough at all times. The best time to kill these annual weeds is when they are young. The roots of all seedling plants are readily killed by being exposed for a short time to the sun. A field or garden should be plowed and then brought into a good state of tilth by using the harrow. When planted with small grain or any other crop, a little more labor in the spring may mean the saving of much labor later. All of the annual weeds mentioned in the list of most troublesome weeds should be treated in this way. It may be difficult to destroy older plants of purslane, for example, but young seedlings are easily destroyed. Many of the annual weeds may be destroyed with a solution of iron sulphate or copper sulphate.

Treatment for biennial weeds.—The biennial weeds are not nearly so numerous in kind as the annual or perennial and are much more readily destroyed than the latter. The bull thistle, burdock and other biennial weeds of this character are readily destroyed by cutting the plants off a few inches below the surface of the ground. A small spade will do this easily. In cutting, it is, of course, essential to cut the root below the buds. The bull thistle produces a mat of leaves close to the ground the first season; by cutting these off, as stated above, the plant will not shoot up the second season.

Treatment of perennial weeds.—Perennial weeds are nearly always difficult to destroy, much depending upon the character of the "roots" produced by them. The first and most important consideration is clean cultivation. At no time should leaves be permitted to appear, as these are the organs which make plant food. As an example, nimble will may be cited, which is so common in the Mississippi valley. The "roots" of these plants (there are several different kinds) are clustered. By plowing the field, and running a harrow through it, then later giving it thorough cultivation, the weeds can nearly always be destroyed. They do not persist long in a pasture in competition with blue grass. Dr. C. E. Bessey has well emphasized the importance of cultural methods in the extermination of perennial weeds. The horse nettle is quite as difficult to destroy as any of the perennial weeds. Like milkweed, it produces a long root, sometimes three to four feet long, and when the root is

severed, it produces buds that form new plants. The "smothering" method has proven efficacious. This is probably the most effective and at the same time the least expensive method of removing horse nettle. Rape is probably the most suitable crop to employ for this purpose. If the soil is not already rich, a liberal dressing of barnyard manure should be applied during the winter or spring and the soil should be harrowed or cultivated frequently until the time of seeding, which may be at any time during the months of May or June. This cultivation will prevent weed growth and at the same time will assist in the retention of moisture. If the rape is sown in drills, about two pounds of seed per acre is a sufficient quantity, and three pounds if sown broadcast.

When the crop has attained a rank growth it may be pastured or removed and fed to stock. Where land is lacking in vegetable matter, it is a good practice to plow the crop under when it is properly matured. The latter is not necessary when the object is merely to destroy the nettle, as the rank growth of the crop is very effective in completely smothering the weed.

Another method.—Planting to corn or roots is a method much in vogue for the destruction of horse nettle. As in the method described above, the plant should be kept down before seeding time. When the crop appears above ground, the use of the horse and hand hoes should be unsparing. When the welfare of the crop prohibits the use of the horse hoe, the hand hoe should be used at intervals until the crop is removed, and even then it may be necessary to give attention to this pest. There is no question about this mode of treatment being effective if properly carried out, but failure often results from negligence during the latter part of the season. Of course, it is possible that seeds may be lying dormant in the soil and make their appearance the next season, but it is taken for granted that all measures to eradicate the plant by preventing the production of seed have been used.

Treatment for meadows.—The treatment of a meadow necessarily varies according to conditions. If the pasture is very weedy, it is probably due, partly, to overgrazing. In such cases, some of the stock should be removed and the perennial grasses allowed a chance to form a turf. Mowing the weeds once or twice before the seeds are allowed to mature is an excellent plan. Sheep are better weed exterminators than most other animals and will keep many of the noxious weeds down. For some weeds, such as buckhorn and wild carrot, it may be wise to practice rotation.

Treatment for grain fields.—In order that fields be free from weeds, the first essential is to sow clean seed, which will do much to aid in keeping weeds down. Early fall plowing will do much to remove many annual weeds. The common custom in a corn country of sowing wheat on corn stubble, where discing alone is resorted to, is poor practice, because in many cases the corn fields are not clean. It is far better to cut the corn, shock it and then plow. It is not a bad practice in the fall to turn sheep into a corn field to pick out weeds.

Treatment for corn fields.—There is no danger of introducing bad weeds into the soil with seed corn; but bad perennials are scattered by the cultivator, such being the case with quack grass and Johnson

grass. Cultivation aggravates the trouble. Where these weeds occur the hoe must follow the cultivator, and this must be kept up during the entire season, hoeing at least once a week. The ground of a corn field should be clean and should be plowed in the fall and again in the spring, being both disced and harrowed. It will then be ready to be planted in corn, which should be followed by harrowing, and cultivation should then begin as soon as possible. This will keep all of the annual weeds down. By the time the corn is ready to be put by, there will be no weeds. Where quack grass occurs, plowing in the fall should be at least nine or ten inches deep.

Treatment for garden weeds.—The annual weeds are easily destroyed by giving thorough cultivation; the perennial are less readily subdued. In the case of nimble will, the "roots" should be exposed to the sun, being killed after a few days of drying. Where quack grass appears, the roots should be removed and the ground given shallow cultivation. As roots appear they should be cut off each week until the close of the season. Occasionally this method is not sufficient; then it is advisable to cover the patch with tarred paper, allowing it to remain for six months.

Weeds of the roadsides.—Many of these weeds are annuals, and by mowing them at the beginning of the flowering season, may be destroyed. If they reappear they should be mowed again, and, if possible, clover and grass should be induced to grow in place of the weeds, where they will undoubtedly thrive. The roadsides on the clay soil of northeastern Iowa contain comparatively few weeds, clover and blue grass occupying the vacant places. The same conditions may be brought about in many other sections of the country. Some states, notably Iowa, have passed a law that roadside weeds must be cut early in the summer, but the law is often violated.

Treatment for weeds in yards.—These weeds in most cases are annual and can easily be destroyed by cutting them off at the time of flowering. Generally, this will suffice. In many cases the seeds are allowed to mature. This should be prevented. Use iron sulphate as a spray.

Summer fallow.—The summer fallow is much employed to destroy noxious weeds, especially where it is difficult to remove them by ordinary cultivation. In the summer fallow the annual weeds will spring up and soon cover the ground. These weeds should be turned under when green, as they will add much to the fertility of the soil. In the case of perennial weeds, it may be necessary to cultivate the field frequently every week, especially in the case of quack grass and horse nettle. It is certain that the summer fallow, with frequent cultivation, will do much to destroy quack grass.

BABY'S ROSE.

It happened on a rainy day;
I, seated in a car,
Was thinking, as I neared my home,
Of the continual jar
And discord that pervade the air
Of busy city life,
Each caring but for "Number One,"
Self-gain provoking strife.

The gloomy weather seemed to cast
On every face a shade,
But on one countenance were lines
By sorrow deeply laid.
With low-bowed head and hands clasped close
She sat, so poor and old,
Nor seemed to heed the careless glance
From eyes so calm and cold.

I looked again. Oh, sweet indeed
The sight that met my eyes!
Sitting upon her mother's lap,
With baby face so wise,
Was a wee child with sunny curls,
Blue eyes, dimpled chin,
And a young and pure and loving heart
Untouched as yet by sin.

Upon the woman, poor and sad,
Her eyes in wonder fell,
Till wonder changed to pitying love:
Her thoughts, oh, who could tell?
Her tiny hands four roses held;
She looked them o'er and o'er,
Then, choosing out the largest one,
She struggled to the floor.

Across the swaying car she went,
Straight to the woman's side,
And, putting in the wrinkled hand
The rose, she ran to hide
Her little face in mother's lap,
Fearing she had done wrong.
She knew not, baby that she was,
That she had helped along
The uphill road of life a soul
Cast down, discouraged quite;
Yet on the woman's face there broke
A flood of joyous light.

Dear little child! She was indeed
A messenger of love,
Sent to that woman's lonely heart
From the great Heart above.
This world would be a different place
Were each to give to those
Whose hearts are sad as much of love
As went with baby's rose.

—Selected.

LIVING RENT FREE.

There was a young couple who lived in a wood.
Chipperry, chipperry, chee!
In a tall pine tree their little house stood.
Chipperry, chipperry, chee!
All summer long they came and went.
Chipperry, chipperry, chee!
They lived in the tree and paid no rent.
Chipperry, chipperry, chee!
Their house was lined with feathers and wool.
Chipperry, chipperry, chee!
With babies and nuts it was more than full.
Chipperry, chipperry, chee!
When winter came, with cold and snow—
Chipperry, chipperry, chee!
They kept them warm, though the wind did blow.
Chipperry, chipperry, chee!
For they laid them down in their furs to sleep.
Chipperry, chipperry, chee!
In the spring they awoke with a "Cheep, cheep, cheep!"
And a "Chipperry, chipperry, chee!"

—Adapted.

WHAT THE DAISY SEES.

Hi, little daisy!
Ho, little daisy!
Under the apple tree.
There's nothing about you
To make us doubt you,
Smiling at baby and me.

Hi, little daisy!
Ho, little daisy!
What does your bright eye see?
A bird and a clover,
With heads bending over,
Smiling at baby and me.

—Selecte

WHO LOVES THE TREES BEST?

ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

Who loves the trees best?

"I," said the Spring;
"Their leaves so lovely
To them I bring."

Who loves the trees best?

"I," Summer said;
"I give them blossoms,
White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?

"I," said the Fall;
"I give luscious fruits,
And bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?

"I love them best,
Harsh Winter answered;
"I give them rest."

OUR SECRET.

We have a secret,
Just we three—
The robin and I
And the sweet cherry tree.

The bird told the tree,
And the tree told me,
And nobody knows it
But just we three.

But of course the robin
Knows it best,
Because she built the—
I shan't tell the rest—

She laid the four little—
Somethings in it.
I'm afraid I shall tell it
Every minute.

—Selected.

THE TWO GARDENERS.

Two gardeners, who were neighbors, had their crops of early peas killed by the frost; one of them came to condole with the other on their misfortune.

"Ah!" said he, "how unfortunate we have been, neighbor! I have done

nothing but fret ever since. But you seem to have a fine, thrifty crop coming up already. What are these?"

"These?" replied the other gardener, "why, these are my second crop which I sowed immediately after the loss of the first."

"What! coming up already?" exclaimed the fretter.

"Yes; while you were fretting, I was working."

"What! do you not fret when you meet with a loss?"

"If I do, I always put it off until I have repaired the damage."

"Why, then you have no need to fret at all."

"True," replied the other gardener; "for, at first I have no time for fretting, and afterward I have no occasion for it."

—*Selected.*

THE PINE TREE AND THE FLAX.

A pine tree and some flax grew near together.

They nodded to each other in the friendliest way as the wind passed by, and, I have no doubt, expected to be neighbors all their lives.

But though the pine was a tall, strong tree, there came some men one day and cut it down. They chopped off all its branches and took the long slender trunk away with them.

The needles rustled cheerfully in the wind as the branches lay on the ground, but the flax felt that the tree was gone. She wondered what would become of it.

Soon there came some men and gathered in the flax. It was spun into strong thread and woven into cloth.

Some flax is made into very, very fine cloth. You see it in your mother's best table linen, and in your father's soft linen handkerchiefs.

This flax was made into cloth that was heavy and coarse. It was called sailcloth.

After lying on a shelf in a storehouse for some time, it was bought by a man who wanted to make it into sails. It was cut and sewed by men, this work being too heavy for women.

Then it was hoisted with ropes and hung from a tall mast.

When the vessel was ready to sail, the linen was thrown open to the wind. It was held fast along two of its three sides, and so the wind in blowing upon it moved the ship over the water.

When out of sight of land, and flying over the sea at a fine rate, almost like a bird, the flax was startled to hear a familiar voice quite near.

"How is this? How do you like life on the ocean wave?" said the voice.

There was a good deal of creaking noise among the rigging of the ship, and the sailor who was running up the long rope ladder at the moment did not hear what the voice said.

But the flax knew that she and the pine tree were neighbors again in a fine new life.

—*Retold.*

SPRING SONG.

"Wake!" says the sunshine,

"'Tis time to get up!

Wake, pretty daisy,

And sweet buttercup!

"You have been sleeping

The whole winter long,

Hark! don't you hear?

'Tis Bluebird's first song!"

"Wake!" call the streamlets.

"We've lain here so still—

Now we must all

Go to work with a will."

"Wake!" says the south wind.

"Come, dear willow tree,

Put on your leaflets,

And smile, just for me!"

"Wake!" breathes the air

From the blue sky above.

"Wake! for the season's

All beauty and love."

Wake, little children,

So happy and dear!

Ah, what would spring be

If you were not here?

—Adapted.

THE FRIENDLY OAK.

It was almost time for winter to come. The little birds had all gone far away, for they were afraid of the cold.

There was no green grass in the fields, and there were no pretty flowers in the gardens. Many of the trees had dropped all their leaves. Cold winter, with its snow and ice, was coming.

At the foot of an old oak tree some sweet little violets were still in blossom. "Dear old oak," said they, "winter is coming; we are afraid that we shall die of the cold."

"Do not be afraid, little ones," said the oak; "close your yellow eyes in sleep, and trust to me. You have made me glad many a time with your sweetness. Now I will take care that winter shall do you no harm."

So the violets closed their eyes and went to sleep; they knew that they could trust the oak. And the great tree softly dropped red leaf after red leaf upon them, until they were all covered over.

The cold winter came, with its snow and ice, but it could not harm the little violets. Safe under the friendly leaves of the old oak, they slept and dreamed happy dreams until the warm rains of spring came and waked them again.

—Skinner's Arbor Day Manual.

WHEN THE LITTLE BOY RAN AWAY.

When the little boy ran away from home,
The birds in the treetops knew,
And they all sang "Stay!" But he wandered away
Under the skies of blue.

And the wind came whispering from the tree.
"Follow—follow me!"
And it sang him a song that was soft and sweet,
And scattered the roses before his feet
That day—that day
When the little boy ran away.

The violet whispered: "Your eyes are blue
And lovely and bright to see;
And so are mine, and I'm kin to you,
So dwell in the light with me!"
But the little boy laughed, while the wind in glee
Said, "Follow me—follow me!"
And the wind called the clouds from their home in the skies,
And said to the violet, "Shut your eyes!"
That day—that day
When the little boy ran away.

Then the wind played leapfrog over the hills
And twisted each leaf and limb;
And all the rivers and all the rills,
Were foaming mad with him!
And it was dark as darkest night could be,
But still came the wind's voice, "Follow me!"
And over the mountain and up from the hollow
Came echoing voices with "Follow him, follow!"
That awful day
When the little boy ran away.

Then the little boy cried, "Let me go—let me go!"
For a scared, scared boy was he!
And the thunder growled from the black cloud, "No!"
And the wind roared, "Follow me!"
And an old gray owl from a tree top flew
Saying, "Who are you-oo! Who are you-oo?"
And the little boy sobbed, "I'm lost away,
And I want to go home where my parents stay!"
Oh, the awful day
When the little boy ran away.

Then the moon looked out from the cloud and said.
"Are you sorry you ran away?
If I light you home to your trundle-bed,
Will you stay, little boy, will you stay?"
And the little boy promised—and cried and cried—
He would never leave his mother's side;
And the moonlight led him over the plain,
And his mother welcomed him home again,
But oh, what a day
When the little boy ran away.

—Anonymous.

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning, and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden.
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

MY EARLY HOME.

ANNA SEWELL.

The first place that I can well remember was a large pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over, and rushes and water lilies grew at the deep end.

Over the hedge on one side we looked into a plowed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside. At the top of the meadow was a grove of fir trees, and at the bottom a running brook, overhung by a steep bank.

Whilst I was young, I lived upon my mother's milk, as I could not eat grass. In the daytime I ran by her side, and at night I lay down close by her. When it was hot we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold we had a nice warm shed near the grove.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass, my mother used to go to work in the daytime and come back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me. They were older than I was. Some were nearly as large as grown-up horses.

We used to gallop all together, round and round the field, as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for my companions would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.

One day, when there was a good deal of kicking going on, my mother whinnied to me to come to her. Then she said, "I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. Your grandmother had the

sweetest temper of any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me kick or bite.

"I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways. Do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play."

I have never forgotten my mother's advice. I knew she was a wise old horse, and our master thought a great deal of her. Her name was Duchess, but he often called her Pet.

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words; he spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate she would neigh with joy, and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her, and say, "Well, old Pet, and how is your little Darkie?"

I was a dull black, so he called me Darkie; then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favorites.

—From *Black Beauty*.

HOW TO MAKE A WHISTLE.

First take a willow bough,
Smooth and round and dark,
And cut a little ring
Just through the outside bark.

Then tap and rap it gently
With many a tap and pound.
To loosen up the bark,
So it may turn round.

Slip the bark off carefully,
So that it will not break,
And cut away the inside part,
And then a mouthpiece make.

Now put the bark all nicely back,
And in a single minute
Just put it to your lips,
And blow the whistle in it.

—Selected.

THE BEAUTY OF THE TREE.

RIDER HAGGARD.

I do love a good tree. There it stands so strong and sturdy, and yet so beautiful—a very type of the best sort of man. How proudly it lifts its bare head to the winter storms, and with what a full heart it rejoices when the spring was come again! How grand its voice is, too, when it talks with the wind; a thousand aeolian harps cannot equal the beauty of the sighing of a great tree in leaf. All day it points to the sunshine, and

all night to the stars; and thus passionless, and yet full of life, it endures through the centuries—come storm, come shine—drawing its sustenance, from the deep bosom of its mother earth, and, as the slow years roll by, learning the great mysteries of growth and decay. And so on and on through generations; outliving individuals, customs, dynasties—all save the landscape it adorns and human nature.

THE BOY AND THE ACORN.

A very little boy once found
A tiny acorn on the ground;
A while he held it in his play,
Then threw it carelessly away.

Winters and summers ran their round,
And now on that same spot is found
A sturdy oak, whose branches high
The winter's fiercest storms defy.

The child who threw the acorn there,
Has been a man this many a year;
But though a large, strong man is he,
He never could uproot that tree.

And so 'tis with our habits strong;
They grow, each day, for right or wrong;
And he who forms them as he should,
Will see that every one is good.

—Selected.

THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

FLORENCE WILKINSON.

I like the leafy-murmuring solemn hush
Of woods that wall me round with underbrush.
Their intricate tapestry of twinkling green,
Glinted with sunlight, the grey trunks between,
And the thick-woven carpet, chequered brown,
Dead leaves from many an autumn, matted down;
Remote from all things, sun and wind and sky,
Far, far above my head the tree-tops sigh,
And like the echo of a distant land
I hear the great lake wash upon its strand.
So maiden calm, so silent, serious,
'Tis some one's heart, in mood mysterious,
The depths profoundest of an untouched heart
From pain and passion very far apart,
Untraveled and unknown, a land enchanted,
Wild, labyrinthine, dim, and fancy haunted.

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW.

First a seed so tiny
Hidden from the sight;
Then two pretty leaflets
Struggling toward the light:
Soon a bud appearing
Turns into a flower,
Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower;
Growing sweeter, sweeter,
Every happy hour!
Kissed by golden sunshine
Washed by silver shower.

—Selected.

A COMPARISON.

I'd ruther lay out here among the trees,
With the singing birds and the bumblebees,
A'knowing that I can do as I please,
Than to live what folks call a life of ease
Up thar in the city.

For I don't 'xactly understan'
Where the comfort is for any man
In walkin' hot bricks and using a fan
And enjoying himself as he says he can
Up thar in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, mebbe you'll say,
A'livin' out here day after day
In this kinder easy, careless way,
But an hour out here's better'n a day
Up thar in the city.

As for that, just look as the flowers aroun'
A-peepin' their heads up all over the groun.
And the fruit a-bendin' the trees way down;
You don't find sech things as these in town.
Or, ruther, in the city.

As I said afore, sech things as these—
The flowers, the birds, and the bumblebees
And a'livin' out here among the trees,
Where you can take your ease and do's you please—
Make it better'n the city.

Now, all the talk don't 'mount to snuff
'Bout this kinder life a-bein' rough,
And I'm sure it's plenty good enough,
And 'tween you and me, 'taint as tough
As livin' in the city.

—Selected.

SPRING SONG.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

A bluebell springs upon the ledge,
A lark sits singing in the hedge;
Sweet perfumes scent the balmy air,
And life is brimming everywhere.
What lark and breeze and bluebird sing,
Is Spring! Spring! Spring!
No more the air is sharp and cold;
The planter wends across the wold,
And glad, beneath the shining sky
We wander forth, you and I.
And ever in our hearts doth ring
This song of Spring! Spring!

THE SHADE TREE.

Many a traveler in the heat,
Finds the cooling shade most sweet,
Stops to rest within the shade
That some wayside tree has made,
Feels the moist and dewy air,
From a hundred leaflets fair
Fan his heated brow today,
And I think I hear him say,
"Children, will you plant a tree
Every Arbor Day for me?"

—Selected.

THE VIOLET.

"A blossom of returning light,
An April flower of sun and dew,
The earth and sky, the day and night,
Are melted in her depth of azure blue."

MY FAVORITE TREE.

(If possible, let each pupil carry a branch of the tree he describes.)

First pupil—

"I speak for the elm. It is a noble tree. It has the shape of a Greek vase and such rich foliage running down the trunk to the very roots, as if a vine were wreathed about it."

Second pupil—

"My favorite is the maple. What a splendid cupola of leaves it builds up into the sky. And in autumn, its crimson is so rich one might call it the blush of the woods!"

Third pupil—

"The birch is a tree for me. How like a shaft of ivory it gleams in the daylight woods! How the moonlight turns it into pearl!"

Fourth pupil—

"What a tree is the oak! First a tiny needle, rising toward the sun, a wreath of green to endure for ages. The child gathers the violet at its foot; as a boy he pockets the acorns; as a man he looks at its towering height and makes it the emblem of his ambition."

Fifth pupil—

"The oak may be the king of the lowlands, but the pine is king of the hills. There he lifts his haughty head like a warrior and when he is roused to meet the storm, the battle cry he sends down the wind is heard above all the voices of the greenwood."

All—

Hail to the trees!

Patient and generous, mothers of mankind;
Arching the hills, the minstrels of the wind,
Spring's glorious flowers and summer's balmy tents,
A sharer in man's free and happier sense.
The trees bless all, and then, brown-mantled, stand,
The sturdy prophets of a golden land.

—Selected.

TREES I'LL PLANT.

LETTIE STERLING.

First child—

Because I love the robins well,
I'll plant a cherry tree;
Then when farmers roughly scold,
They'll come and live with me.

Second child—

Because I love the pretty squirrels
So frisky and so gay,
I'll many nut trees plant around,
Then they'll come near to play.

Third child—

Because I love the shady spots
That leafy limbs can make,
A dozen trees I'll plant each year
Just for their own sweet sake.

Together—

Because we love the whole wide world
And every living thing,
We'll plant, and bless, and keep the trees
For all the good they bring.

JOHNNY-JUMP-UP.

M. FRANCES BROWN.

Spring is here, summer's near
Spry is Johnny-Jump-Up;
Twisting curl in a quirl—
Dandy Johnny-Jump Up.

"Spring a stool for lady toad,
Hasten Johnny-Jump-Up!"
(Bows in quite the latest mode,)
Blue-blossomed Johnny-Jump-Up.

"Ring the bell for meeting, too,
Proper Johnny-Jump-Up;
Pulpit Jack will preach to you,
Listen, Johnny-Jump-Up!"

"Do your duty looking fine—"
"Hear him Johnny-Jump-Up?
Spring-time beauty makes you shine,
Clever Johnny-Jump-Up."

—*In Colorado Arbor and Bird Day Annual.*

HOW THE LITTLE FINCHES WERE SAVED.

FANNIE LASCOMB.

A mother finch had her nest in the grass. One would say it was foolishly near the footpath. You shall judge of that for yourselves.

The baby finches were still young and helpless. All they knew how to do was to open their mouths very wide for the morsels of food their mother brought them, and to peep loudly to let her know they were always hungry.

The busy little mother waited upon them happily all day. She had no sooner dropped a nice, fat insect into one little throat than she flew off in search of another insect.

When the baby finches heard the flutter of her returning wings, they would set up a chorus which must have meant, "Here we are! Right here! And do hurry, please, for we haven't had a meal for at least three minutes, and we are nearly starved!"

There was no danger that the mother finch would not be able to find her nest on returning to it, but there was great danger that some one less kind might find it, too. So she was always on the watch.

One day, just as she was about to fly away in search of one more unlucky insect, she heard a great sound of whistling. "That is no bird!" said she, and cocked her head to listen.

It was Dick-the-Trapper coming down the path, with his hands in his pockets, whistling a merry tune. The boys called him Dick-the-Trapper

because whenever he set a trap for the robins, his great, fat, black-and-white rabbit came hopping out of it when he lifted it next morning.

Now, it must be admitted that Dick was a rather meddlesome boy, and might not have left the little grass finches in their nest if he had found them. Mrs. Finch was not well acquainted with him, but she suspected his tricks and thought it best to be on the safe side—or at least to keep her children there.

"I will make him think he can easily catch me," she said to herself. "Then he will follow me wherever I lead him, instead of coming too near my precious nestlings."

To carry out her plan, she fluttered across the path in Dick's full sight, with one wing beating the ground as if lame, and uttering the most piteous cries. It was not hard to make her voice sound frightened, for in truth her little heart beat with terror, thinking what might happen to her babies if her trick should fail.

"Oh, a wounded bird!" exclaimed Dick-the-Trapper. "I'll take it home and make a pet of it." And he really meant to be kind in his way to the poor little thing; only his way would have been never to let it go free again. So you will agree with me that Mrs. Finch was wise to keep out of his clutches, as she did.

Dick, of course, made a jump for her, first thing. But she managed to escape his grasp, and to flutter a little distance, as if in great pain. Dick pushed the bushes aside and followed her; but just as he was about to put his cap over her with a quick motion, she escaped him again in the same way, all the time uttering the same piteous cries.

It seemed as if it would require only a little patience to capture her, so Dick kept up the chase. In this way, she led him farther and farther from the dear nest in the grass, where the hungry little finches were awaiting her return, with their lusty voices all in tune. He must not hear those eager cries for food, or they might never know the taste of another meal.

On and on the brave mother bird led poor Dick, who had never been tricked by a grass finch before. At last, the ground in the thicket grew soft, and Dick, had he been wise, would have given up the chase. But the "wounded bird" now seemed so nearly tired out that he expected to put his hand on her at the next trial.

He made one more jump, and—sank ankle-deep in a swamp. The grass finch suddenly flew to the branch above him with a cry of relief and joy. She cocked her little head first on one side and then on the other, to look down at him and see how he got out.

It was plain that, at least, he would go home with a pair of very muddy boots. Caring little for this, but knowing that he was now far enough away from her birdlings, mother grass finch left him to rescue himself as best he could, and went about her own happy business.

THE ILL-NATURED BRIER.

ANNA BACHE.

Little Miss Brier came out of the ground.
She put out her thorns and scratched everything 'round.
 "I'll just try," said she,
 "How bad I can be!
At picking and scratching there's few can match me."

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright.
Her leaves were dark green, and her flowers pure white;
 But all who came nigh her
 Were so worried by her,
They'd go out of their way to keep clear of the brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking, one day,
At her neighbor, the Violet, over the way.
 "I wonder," said she,
 "That no one pets me,
While all seem so glad little Violet to see."

A sober old linnet, that sat on a tree,
Heard the speech of the brier, and thus answered he:
 "'Tis not that she's fair,
 For you may compare
In beauty with even Miss Violet, there.

"But Violet is always so pleasant and kind,
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind
 E'en the worms at her feet
 She would never ill-treat,
And to bird, bee and butterfly always is sweet."

The gardener's wife then the pathway came down,
And the mischievous brier caught hold of her gown.
 "Oh, dear, what a tear!
 My gown's spoiled, I declare!
That troublesome brier has no business there.
Here, John, dig it up. Throw it into the fire."
And that was the end of the ill-natured brier.

ONLY A LEAF.

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

It was only a little leaf,
That hung for a while on its bough;
It danced and fluttered; but life was brief;
And its place is vacant now.

It was only a little leaf;
Did it pay to live at all?
The sun smiled on it, the cold winds came,
And then it was doomed to fall.

It was only a little leaf,
But on it did shine the sun;
The winds did caress it, the birds did sing,
And it lived till its work was done.

It was only a little leaf,
But it took its gladsome part
In the great earth's life; and, at the last,
Earth clasped it to her heart.

WHAT THE BURDOCK WAS GOOD FOR.

"Good for nothing," the farmer said,
As he made a sweep at the burdock's head;
But then, he thought it was best, no doubt,
To come some day and root it out.
So he lowered his scythe, and went his way,
To seed his corn; to gather his hay;
And the weed grew safe and strong and tall,
Close by the side of the garden wall.

"Good for a home," cried the little toad,
As he hopped up out of the dusty road.
He had just been having a dreadful fright—
The boy who gave it was yet in sight.
Here it was cool and dark and green,
The safest kind of a leafy screen.
The toad was happy. "For," said he,
"The burdock was plainly meant for me."

"Good for play," said a child, perplexed
To know what frolic was coming next.
She gathered the burrs that all despised,
And her city playmates were quite surprised
To see what a beautiful basket or chair
Could be made with a little time and care.
They ranged their treasures about with pride,
And played all day by the burdock's side.

Nothing is lost in this world of ours;
Honey comes from the idle flowers;
The weed which we pass in utter scorn
May save a life by another morn.
Wonders await us at every turn,
We must be silent, and gladly learn
No room for recklessness or abuse,
Since even a burdock has its use.

—Selected.

THE VIOLET.

I love all things the seasons bring,
All buds that start, all birds that sing,
 All leaves, from white to jet;
All the sweet words that summer sends,
When she recalls her flowery friends,
 But chief—the violet!

I love, how much I love, the rose,
On whose soft lips the soft wind blows,
 In pretty, amorous threat;
The lily paler than the moon,
The odorous, wondrous world of June,
 Yet more—the violet!

She comes, the first, the fairest thing
That heaven upon the earth doth fling,
 Ere winter's star is set;
She dwells behind her leafy screen,
And gives, as angels give, unseen,
 So, love—the violet!

“THE SHEEP OF THE FLOCK.”

“We oft hear the plea for trying to keep
 ‘The lambs of the flock’ in the fold;
And well we may; but what of the sheep,
 Shall they be left out in the cold?”

“’Twas a sheep, not a lamb, that wandered away,
 In the parable Jesus told,
A grown-up sheep that had gone astray
 From the ninety and nine in the fold.

“Out in the wilderness, out in the cold;
 ’Twas a sheep the good shepherd sought,
And back to the flock, safe into the fold,
 ’Twas a sheep the good shepherd brought.

“And why for the sheep should we earnestly long,
 And as earnestly hope and pray?
Because there is danger, if they go wrong,
 They will lead the young lambs away.

“For the lambs will follow the sheep, you know,
 Wherever the sheep may stray;
If the sheep go wrong, it will not be long
 Till the lambs are as wrong as they.

“And so with the sheep we earnestly plead,
 For the sake of the lambs today.
If the lambs are lost, what a terrible cost
 Some sheep will have to pay.”

—Selected.

MY BOY'S WHISTLE.

You may talk of the pleasure that opera makes,
And the thrills so ecstatic it grandly awakes,
But there is no music to give me a joy
Like the light-hearted whistle of my bonnie boy.

It isn't a tune, but a jumble galore
Of all the notes in the musical score,
And while to another it's nothing but noise
To me it conveys a heart's volume of joys.

Many times in the day I am straining my ear
At the door or the window that whistle to hear,
And when from the distance comes floating the sound,
I know that my boy on his homeway is bound.

It tells me he's well long before he's in sight;
It says he is happy with childhood's delight;
Then, as it grows louder and nearer, I see
My bonnie brave boy wave a welcome to me.

When he whistles while marching so gaily from school
I know he has missed neither lesson nor rule,
And, when from his play he comes whistling along,
I am sure not a thing he has done that is wrong.

Whenever that blithe, merry whistle is still
I know that my darling is certainly ill,
And none but a mother's so joyful as when
His lips sweetly pucker to whistle again.

Some day when the cares of the world he must share,
When his heart is no longer as light as the air,
His happy-go-lucky shrill whistle no more
Will gladden my ears while I watch from the door.

But I pray that the time may be long until then,
And that when he marches through life with the men
He ever will give his dear mother the joy
She had when he whistled the tunes of a boy.

—H. C. Dodge.

APRIL.

I just blew in but think I'll stay
And fix things up for Sister May,
She's such a sweet and tender dear
She couldn't stand things I find here.
I'll loose the showers and wash things clean
And turn the trees and meadows green.
I'll drive away the wild winds soon

And set the woods and fields a-tune.
I'll warm things up for all I'm worth
And coax wee, scared things back to earth.
I'll call the birds and bumble bees
And fill their hearts with melodies.
For music light and concert grand,
I'll drill the orchestra and band.
I'll hold rehearsals twice a day,
Each morning and a matinee;
And when each artist knows his score,
I'll leave as May comes in the door.

—C. R. Scroggie.

A GENTLEMAN.

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail:
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale,—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time to play.
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs today.
He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand;
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me,
This gentleman of ten.
He does not push or crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly,
To forge and mill and store.
He thinks of you before himself;
He serves you if he can,
For in whatever company,
The manner makes the man;
At ten and forty 'tis the same—
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

—Selected.

LITTLE HELPERS.

Planting the corn and potatoes,
Helping to scatter the seeds,
Feeding the ducks and the chickens,
Freeing the garden from weeds,
Driving the cows to the pasture,
Feeding the horse in the stall,
We little children are busy,
And there is work for us all.

Spreading the hay in the sunshine,
Raking it up when it's dry,
Picking the apples and peaches,
Down in the orchard, near by,
Picking the grapes in the vineyard,
Gathering nuts in the fall,
We little children keep busy—
Yes, there is work for us all.

Sweeping, and washing the dishes,
Bringing the wood from the shed,
Ironing, sewing and knitting,
Helping to make up the bed,
Taking good care of the baby,
Watching her, lest she should fall,
We little children are busy;
Oh, there is work for us all!

Work makes us cheerful and happy,
Makes us both active and strong.
Play, we enjoy all the better
When we have labored so long.
Gladly we help our dear parents,
Quickly we come at their call.
Children who love to keep busy
Find there is work for them all.

—Selected—

THE LITTLE GARDENER.

"I am a little gardener,
With fresh ripe fruit to sell;
And if you'll please to buy from me
I'll try to serve you well."

"We see your basket is quite full
Of different kinds of fruit,
And we should like to buy from you
If you'll make prices suit."

"I've apples green and cherries red;
I've yellow lemons too,
And plums, and grapes, and oranges,
Which I will sell to you."

"Now open wide your ready hands,
And take the fruit from me,
And when my stock is all sold out
You then can sell to me."

—Selected.

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, mother," said little John.
Then forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said little Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted half the day,
Till mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan.
"Today I'll help you all I can."
To the cradle then she did softly creep,
And rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she took the broom,
And swept the floor and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children, going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

—Joy Allison.

ORIGIN OF THE OPAL.

A dewdrop came with a spark of flame
He had caught from the sun's last ray,
To a violet's breast, where he lay at rest
Till the hours brought back the day.

The rose looked down, with a blush and frown,
But she smiled all at once to view
Her own bright form, with its coloring warm,
Reflected back by the dew.

Then the stranger took a stolen look
At the sky so soft and blue;
And a leaflet green, with its silver sheen,
Was seen by the idler too.

A cold north wind, as he thus reclined,
Of a sudden raged around;
And a maiden fair, who was walking there,
Next morning an opal found.

—*Anonymous.*

THE CORN SONG.

There is a plant you often see,
In gardens and in fields,
Its stalk is straight, its leaves are long,
And precious fruit it yields.

The fruit, when young, is soft and white,
And closely wrapped in green;
And tassels hang from every ear,
Which children love to glean.

But when the tassels fade away,
The fruit is ripe and old;
It peeps from out the wrapping dry,
Like beads of yellow gold.

The fruit, when young, we boil and roast,
When old we grind it well,
Now, think of all the plants you know,
And try its name to tell.

—*Selected.*

BED IN SUMMER.

In winter I get up at night,
And dress by yellow candle light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree.
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

GOOD WORK.

If I were a cobbler,
'Twould be my pride
The best of all cobblers to be.

If I were a tinker,
No tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me.

—*Old Song.*

WHY BETTY DID NOT LAUGH.

"When I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;

And all the other little girls
Began to laugh but me—
I did not laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty, bless her little heart,
Had been so sweetly kind.

"Why didn't you laugh, darling?
Or, don't you like to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,
"Because 'twas I that fell."

—"The Primary School."

HARVESTING THE FOREST.

The forest is never so wonderful as when spring wrestles with winter for supremacy. While the earth is yet ice bound, while snows occasionally fly, spring breathes her warmer breath of approach, and all nature responds. Sunny knolls, embankments, and cleared spaces become bare, while shadow spots and sheltered nooks remain white. This perfumes the icy air with a warmer breath of melting snow. The sap rises in the trees and bushes, sets buds swelling, and they distil a faint, intangible odour. Deep layers of dead leaves cover the frozen earth, and the sun shining on them raises a steamy vapour unlike anything else in nature. A different scent rises from earth where the sun strikes it. Lichen faces take on the brightest colours they ever wear, and rough, coarse mosses emerge in rank growth from their cover of snow and add another perfume to the mellowing air. This combination has breathed a strange intoxication into the breast of mankind in all ages, and bird and animal life prove by their actions that it makes the same appeal to them.

Crows caw supremacy from tall trees; flickers, drunk on the wine of nature, flash their yellow-lined wings and red crowns among trees in a search of suitable building places; nut-hatches run head foremost down rough trunks, spying out larvae and early emerging insects; titmice chatter; the bold, clear whistle of the cardinal sounds never so gaily; and song sparrows pipe from every wayside shrub and fence post. Coons and opossums stir in their dens, musk-rat and ground-hog inspect the weather, while squirrels race along branches and bound from tree to tree like winged folk.

—*The Harvester.*

THE BUSY LITTLE MAIDEN.

I know a little maiden
Who can sweep and dust and sew;
Who can mend her little dresses,
And tie a pretty bow.

Who can give the thirsty window plants
A cooling drink each day;
Who can smile and look as pleasant
When at work as when at play.

She brings papa his dressing-gown,
And warms his slippers well;
She lays the plates and knives and forks,
And rings the supper bell.

She keeps herself, her books, her toys
So tidy and so neat;
Indeed, one-half the good she does
I cannot here repeat.

—*Selected.*

WHAT ARE THEY?

Some wee little things lay deep in a nest,
A nest lined with velvet, the softest and best.
They grew and grew for many a day,
But never were known to chirp or play.

This tiny nest to a bough was hung,
And night and day it tossed and swung;
At first it was round and plump and green,
And guarded well by prickles keen.

At last the nest that kept them warm
Was torn down by an autumn storm;
The wee little things were tumbled out,
And now they are scattered all about.

—*Selected.*

DAINTY MILKWEED BABIES.

Dainty milkweed babies,
 Wrapped in cradles green,
Rocked by Mother Nature,
 Fed by Hands unseen.

Brown coats have the babies,
 Slips of milky white;
And wings—but that's a secret,
 They're folded out of sight.

—*Selected.*

FATHER, WE THANK THEE.

Father, we thank Thee for the night,
 And for the pleasant morning light,
For rest and food and loving care,
 And all that makes the world so fair.

Help us to do the things we should,
 To be to others kind and good;
In all we do, in work or play,
 To grow more loving every day.

—*Rebecca J. Weston.*

THE WISH.

Oh, if I were a birdie,
 How happy I would be,
Singing all day long
 In a green, leafy tree!

Or down in the meadow,
 Drinking up the dew—
If I were a birdie,
 Say, wouldn't you?

—*Selected.*

THE BROOK IN THE HOLLOW.

The brook in the hollow
Hath waked from its sleep,
And under the rushes doth creep and creep.

Then, over the pebbles
So smooth and brown,
Goes merrily dancing, dancing down.

Now, shouting with laughter,
It leaps o'er the rock,
Awaking the echoes its mirth to mock;

While over the borders,
So rugged and steep,
The dainty anemones peep and peep.

Then, out of the shadow
And into the sun,
All bubbling with pleasure, the glad waves run.

Now, broader and deeper,
It moves with ease,
And murmurs of peace to the scented breeze.

The sweet birds drink
Of its waters bright;
The little stars sleep on its breast at night,

Now, quiet, as grieving
The hills to forsake,
It glides under lily pads into the lake.

—Selected.

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were candies in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four and twenty-sailors
That stood between the decks
Were four and twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back,
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

—Mother Goose.

AN EDUCATOR.

✓ "In learning," proudly said the birch,
"I once played quite a part;
Whenever little boys were dull,
Why, I could make 'em smart."

THE RIVER OF DREAMS.

The river of dreams runs silently down
By a secret way that no one knows;
But the soul lives on while the dream-tide flows
Through the gardens bright or the forests brown;
And I think sometimes that our whole life seems
To be more than half made up of dreams.

For its changing sights and its passing shows
And its morning hopes and its midnight fears
Are left behind with the vanished years.
Onward, with ceaseless motion,
The life stream flows to the ocean,
And we follow the tide, awake or asleep,
Till we see the dawn on love's great deep
Then the bar at the harbor mouth is crossed
And the river of dreams in the sea is lost.

—Henry Van Dyke.

SING CARE AWAY.

Better be singing than sighing,
Whenever a thing goes wrong,
For often our troubles go flying
Away on the wings of song.

Better be smiling than weeping
Over the cares of life,
For tears have them all in keeping,
And lengthen the bitter strife.

Sing, and your load seems lighter.
Smile, and the shadows flee
As the gray old world grows brighter
When the sunshine floods the lea.

God's in his world above us;
Friends are both near and dear;
And, as long as true hearts love us,
We can have heaven here.

So sing in the time of trouble,
As the robin sings in rain,
And care, like a bursting bubble,
Will pass with the song's refrain.

—Eben E. Rexford.

SUNSHINE.

The air is full of a witchery, silent, unfelt, and unseen;
Yet it touches the black pine woods, and they flash to a riot of green;
It breathes on the different birches, and lo! they are dancing in white,
And it paints on the slopes of the barren fields a picture of delight.

I do not know what the magic is, but I think I have seen the same
In a quiet life, a transparent life, and the world knows not her name;
But, herself unnoted, a touch, a breath, where the sad and the sullen were,
And the dark is light, and the gloom is bright, at the very thought of her.

I do not know what the magic is that dwells in her quickening face,
No book have I to the witchery that wraps her around with grace;
But this I know, be it mirth or woe, where her blessed feet have trod,
There widens out in the hearts of men the beautiful peace of God.

—Amos R. Wells.

DOUBLED BLESSINGS.

Have you not some blessings, comrade,
That God sends you, day by day,
You can share with others, needing
Help and comfort in the way?
Oh, the wan and weary faces!
Oh, the lives discouraged, sad!
Blessings shared are blessings doubled—
Share with them, and make them glad.

Open wide the heart's door, comrade.
Bid earth's needy ones come in
In the welcome of compassion
That may lead them out of sin.
Give, as God, thy Father, giveth
To the children of His care,
Freely, gladly. Let the sunshine
Of your life shine everywhere.

Ah, thank God that we can double
Every blessing He bestows
Just by sharing with another—
And be very sure He knows.
And be sure that from the storehouse
Of His Love to us He'll send,
For our willing hands to scatter,
Other blessings, without end.

—Eben E. Rexford.

GENERAL GRANT'S KINDNESS TO HORSES.

An army was marching along the muddy roads in Virginia. The men wore blue coats and carried knapsacks. Most of them looked tired and cold. Behind the marching soldiers came a train of wagons that carried the food for the soldiers' suppers.

The horses that drew the heavy wagons looked as tired as the men. Nearly all the drivers were very kind to their horses. They kept a sharp eye on the road to see which side of it was the better, and in all ways made it as easy for the animals as they could.

But one team had a cross driver. He scolded the horses, pulled hard on the lines, and often used a whip. Presently he came to a swampy place in the road, and his team could not pull the wagon through it. He became very angry and beat them brutally with the butt end of his great whip, abusing them all the time.

He was so excited that he did not see General Grant riding up on his fine black horse. He did not even know that the General was there until he heard him call out, "You scoundrel! stop beating those horses!"

The whip fell from the teamster's hand to the ground. He was very much frightened and, of course, did not say a word.

The General gave a signal to one of his officers, who rode forward and saluted. "Send another man to drive this team," said General Grant, "and have this fellow tied up to a tree for six hours as a punishment for his brutality."

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

—*Emma M. C. Greenleaf.*
Character Building Readers.

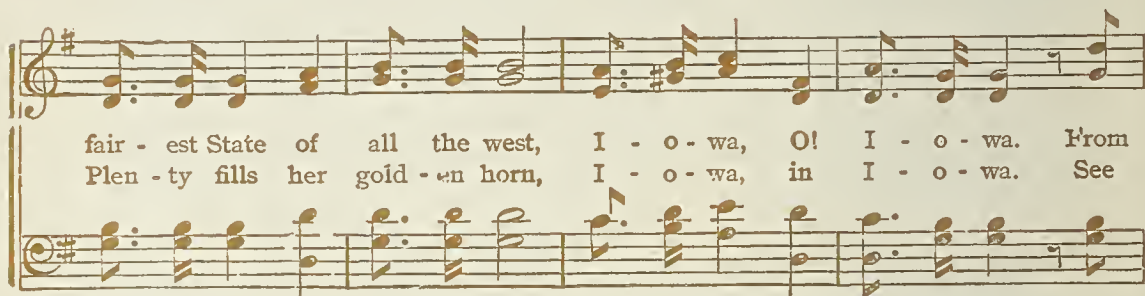
The Song of Iowa.

Air: "Der Tannenbaum." * (My Maryland.)

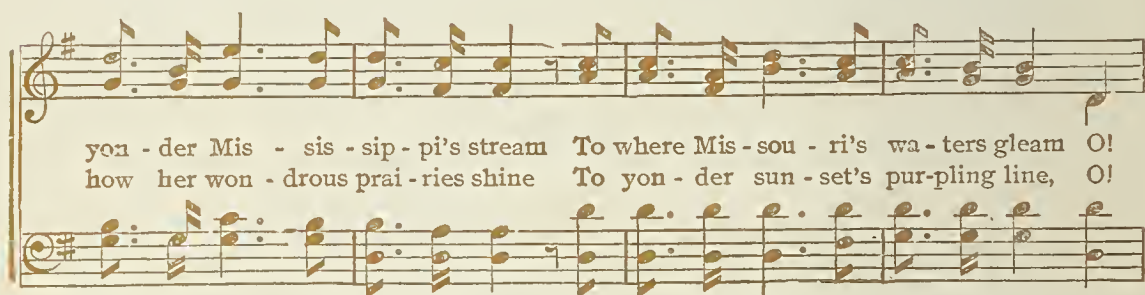
By S. H. M. BYERS.



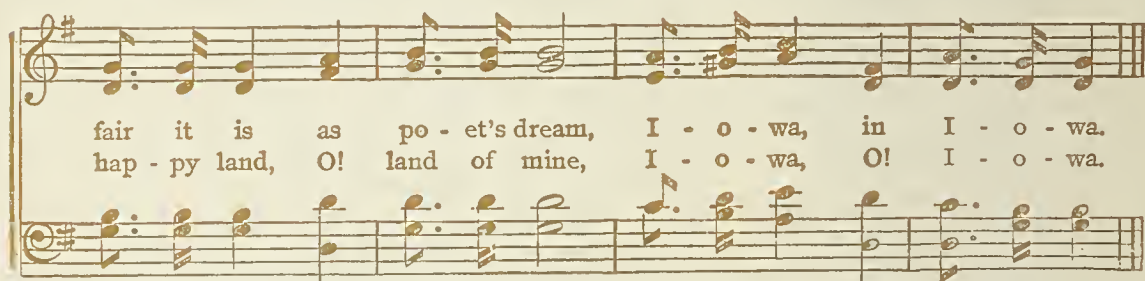
1. You ask what land I love the best, I - o - wa, 'tis I - o - wa, The
2. See yon - der fields of tasselled corn, I - o - wa, in I - o - wa, Where



fair - est State of all the west, I - o - wa, O! I - o - wa. From
Plen - ty fills her gold - en horn, I - o - wa, in I - o - wa. See



yon - der Mis - sis - sip - pi's stream To where Mis - sou - ri's wa - ters gleam O!
how her won - drous prai - ries shine To yon - der sun - set's pur - pling line, O!



fair it is as po - et's dream, I - o - wa, in I - o - wa.
hap - py land, O! land of mine, I - o - wa, O! I - o - wa.

3 And she has maids whose laughing eyes,
Iowa, O! Iowa,
To him who loves were Paradise,
Iowa, O! Iowa.
O! happiest fate that e'er was known,
Such eyes to shine for one alone,
To call such beauty all his own,
Iowa, O! Iowa.

4 Go read the story of thy past,
Iowa, O! Iowa,
What glorious deeds, what fame thou hast!
Iowa, O! Iowa.
So long as time's great cycle runs,
Or nations weep their fallen ones,
Thou'lt not forget thy patriot sons,
Iowa, O! Iowa.

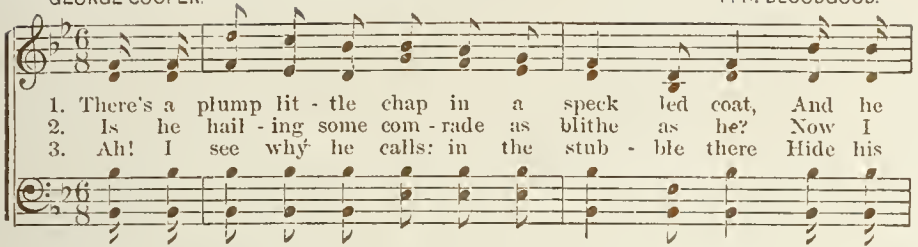
* "Der Tannenbaum," the old air to which this song is sung, was a popular German Students' song as early as 1819. It had been a Volks song long before that, even. During our Civil War, the Southerners adapted it to the song "My Maryland."

The Iowa legislature, in its recent session, adopted "The Song of Iowa" as the State Song. Teachers wishing additional copies for their schools can have them gratis by addressing the State Superintendent of Instruction at Des Moines.

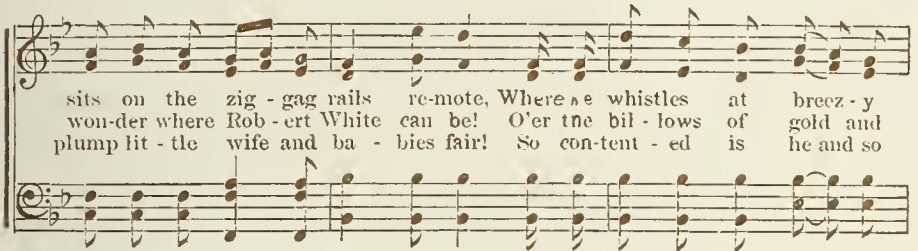
Mr. Bob White.

GEORGE COOPER.

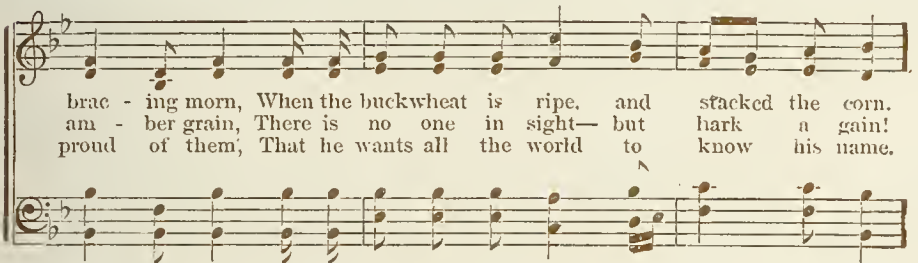
F. H. BLOODGOOD.



1. There's a plump lit - tle chap in a speck led coat, And he
2. Is he hail - ing some com - rade as blithe as he? Now I
3. Ah! I see why he calls: in the stub - ble there Hide his



sits on the zig - gag rails re - mote, Where he whistles at breez - y
won - der where Rob - ert White can be! O'er the bil - lows of gold and
plump lit - tle wife and ba - bies fair! So con - tent - ed is he and so



brac - ing morn, When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked the corn.
an - ber grain, There is no one in sight - but hark a gain!
proud of them, That he wants all the world to know his name.

CHORUS. (INST.)

(INST.)



Bob White! Bob White! He whistles a lone in the corn;
(Whistle.) (Whistle.)
(INST.) (INST.)



Bob White! Bob White! He whistles a lone in the corn.
(Whistle.) (Whistle.)

The Whippoorwill Song.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY

F. F. FRENCH.

Moderato.

1. I love to stray by the wood-y rill, When evening shadows play, And
2. O soft he trills his eve-ning lay, By breez-es borne a-long; A
3. It calls to mind the old, old home, So man-y miles a-way; With

hear the song of the whip-poor-will, As he sings his eve-ning lay.
sad-dened feel-ing o'er me creeps, As I lis-ten to his song.
long-lost friends I have oft-times heard Him sing his eve-ning lay.

SOPRANO SOLO.*

Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will;
CHORUS.
O list, O list as he sings his eve-ning song, sweet song:

Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will.
O list, O list as he sings his eve-ning song, sweet song.

From "Day School Gems," by per. of Mrs. C. E. Leslie.

*Select two or three sweet, high voices to carry this melody.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

Song—"Iowa" *Byers*
Reading—Letter of State Superintendent.
Recitation—"We Thank Thee".....*Emerson*
Reading—"Birds of Iowa".....*Bailey*
Song—"Bob White."
Exercise—"An Arbor Day Visit".....*Bush*
Recitation—"Woodman, Spare That Tree"*Morris*
Recitation—"Seven Times One".....*Ingelow*
Recitation—"Two Kinds of Sport".....*Harcourt*

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

Song—"The Whip-poor-will."
Reading—Arbor Day Proclamation by the Governor.
Reading—"Origin of Arbor Day".....*Bishop*
Recitation—"The Roadside Tree".....*Birdseye*
Recitation—"The Country Boy's Creed".....*Grover*
Song—"Iowa" *Byers*
Reading—"The Water-Lily Man"*Dodds*
Recitation—"How Do You Do?".....*Scantlebury*
Recitation—"Robin Songs" by seven pupils.....*Barrows*
Song—"Bob White."

